

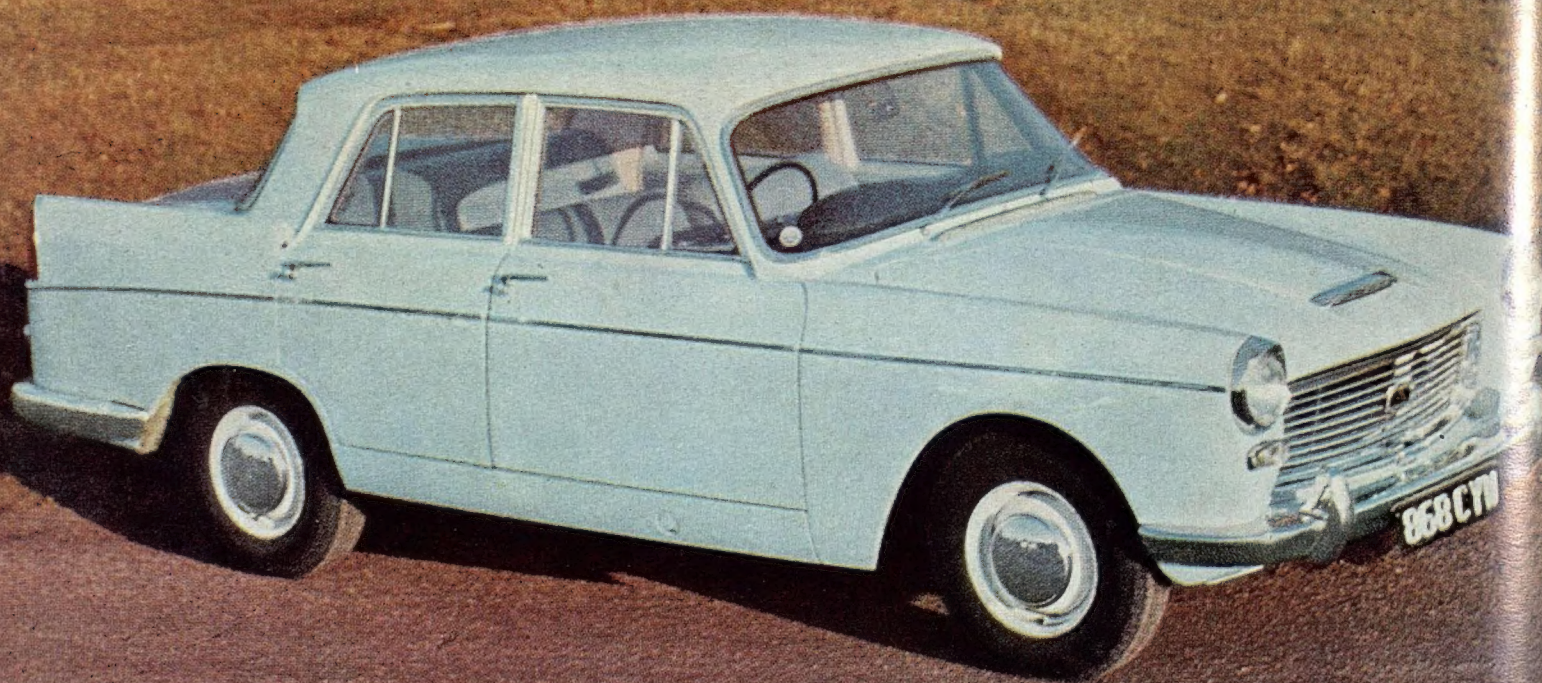


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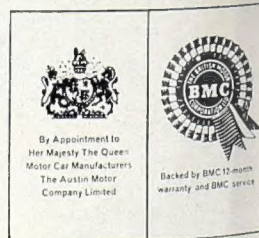
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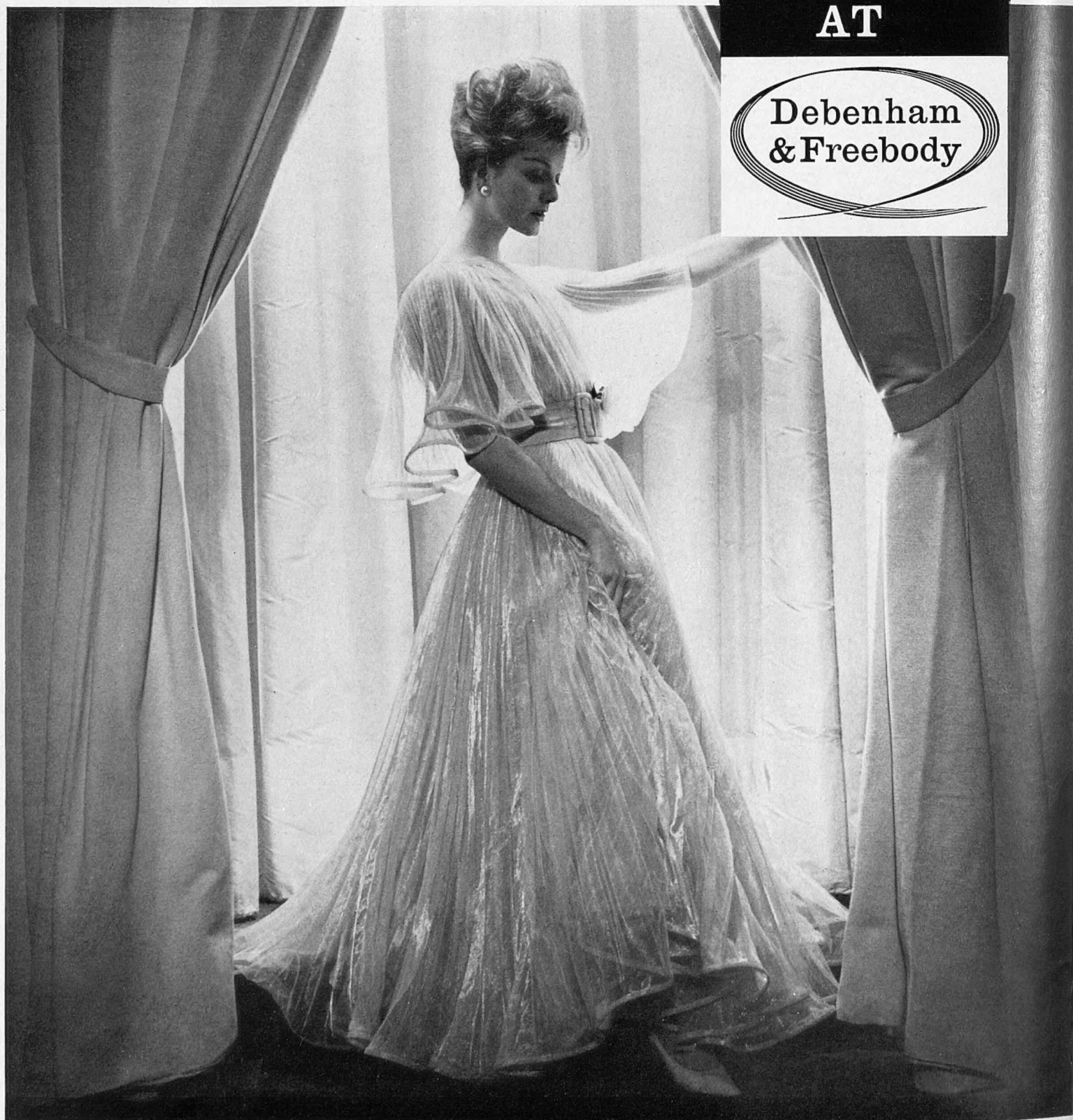
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21 MARCH, 1962

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The girl on the cover takes a cool clear look at summer helped by Estée Lauder's filmy new Hydro-tone moisturized foundation in Ivory with Translucent powder in Rachel; Spanish Silver shadow, French Raspberry lipstick, and Vidal Sassoon's hot weather hairshape rinsed to a cool, corn blonde. To look as good and feel even better turn to page 704 where Elizabeth Williamson plans an escape into the health drink world
Cover by Adrian Flowers

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Children's Wear Show, Dartmouth House, Charles Street, 3.30 p.m., 22 March, in aid of the English Speaking Union's Ranfurly Library. (Tickets, £2 2s., E.S.U., 37 Charles Street, W.1.)

Lutine Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 29 March. (Organized by Lloyd's Yacht Club.)

Two Bridges Hunt Club (Dartmoor Hunt) annual dinner, Two Bridges Hotel, 30 March.

Hertfordshire Hunt Spring Ball, Ashridge House, Berkhamsted, 30 March.

R.A.F. Spring Ball, Officers Mess, Lyneham, Wilts, 30 March.

Grand National, Aintree, 31 March.
Worth Fashion Show, Cranbury Park, Winchester, 7.30 p.m., 31 March, for St. John Amb. Brigade. (Tickets, £4 single, £7 10s. double, inc. champagne & buffet, from Secretary, Wessex House, 6 Upper High Street, Winchester.)

Dior Dress Show—special showing of London Summer Collection, in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Oaklands Park, Newnham-on-Severn, Glos, 4 April. Opened by the Duchess of Gloucester. (Tickets, the Secretary, Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Cheltenham.)

Bridge Evening, Fishmongers' Hall, 3 April, in aid of the Distressed Gentlemen's Aid Association.

(Tickets, £4 4s. a table, from Mrs. Lionel Arthur, D.G.A.A., Vicarage Gate House, W.8.)

Somerset Maugham Collection—private view at Sotheby's prior to sale, 6-8 p.m., 3 April, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. (Tickets, 10s., from Appeals Secretary, R.C.N., Henrietta Place, Cavendish Square, W.1, and at door.)

Spring Antiques Fair, Town Hall, Chelsea, 4 April, to be opened by the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles. (Details, Miss Heather McConnell, HYD 1911.)

Point-to-points. Easton Harriers, Hasketon, Suffolk; Rockwood; Fitzwilliam, at Watererendon; Mid-Devon, Moretonhampstead; Pegasus Club, Kimble; Quorn, Cropwell Bishop; S. & W. Wilts, Badbury Ring; South Wold, Revesby Park, 24 March. Puckeridge, Bishop's Stortford; Bramham Moor; Cleveland, Cottesmore, 31 March. Heythrop, Fox Farm, Stow-on-the-Wold, 4 April.

Hunter Trials: All-Ireland, Castletown, Celbridge, Kildare, 22, 23 March; Warwickshire Hunt, 6 April.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Worcester, today; Wincanton, Wootton, 22; Sandown Park (Grand Military), 23, 24; Sedgfield, Uttoxeter, 24; Fontwell Park, 26; Liverpool (Grand National meeting), 29-31; Worcester, 31 March.

Flat racing: Lincoln (Lincolnshire, 28) 26-28; Liverpool, 29-31 March.

BOAT RACE

Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Putney to Mortlake, 7 April.

RUGBY

Wales v. France, Cardiff, 24 March.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *La Traviata*, 24, 26, 29 March; *Rigoletto*, 30 March, 2 April, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)
Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 2 p.m. today; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m., 27, 28,

31 March, 2.15 p.m., 31 March.
Royal Festival Hall. London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, cond. Pierre Monteux, 8 p.m., 22 March; Philomusica of London, cond. Louis De Froment, with Lina Landi (harpsichord), 8 p.m., 23 March; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Kenneth V. Jones, with Malcolm Binns (piano), 8 p.m., 26 March; Leonid Kogan (violin), 8 p.m., 27 March. (WAT 3191.)

Rosehill Theatre, Whitehaven, Cumberland. Clifford Curzon (piano), 24 March. (Whitehaven 2422.)

Royal Albert Hall. Royal Choral Society in Mozart's Mass in C Minor, & Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*, 29 March. (KEN 8212.)

ART

Sonja Henie-Neils Onstad Collection of modern paintings. Tate Gallery, to 8 April.

International Art Treasures, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 29 April.
Andrzej Kuhn paintings, Centaur Gallery, Portobello Road, to 24 March.

Eileen Agar paintings, Brook Street Gallery, to 5 April.

Girtin Collection watercolours, Royal Academy, to 29 April.

London Group Exhibition, F.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, to 30 March.

Philip Sutton paintings, Roland, Browse & Delbanco. (See Galleries, page 700.)

EXHIBITIONS

"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, to 31 March.

National Stamp Exhibition, Central Hall, Westminster, to 24 March.

Atoms at Work (U.K. Atomic Energy Authority exhibition), Science Museum, South Kensington, to 30 March.

Electrical Engineers' Exhibition, Earls Court, to 24 March.

FESTIVALS

St. Pancras Arts Festival, Town Hall, St. Pancras, to 24 March. (Play: *Anne Boleyn*, 22 March.)

Delius Centenary Festival, Bradford, Yorks, to 7 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

Vanbrugh Theatre (R.A.D.A.), *Pietà*, 24 March.

Savoy Theatre. Juliette Greco, 26 March.

Royal Court Theatre. *The Knack*, 27 March.

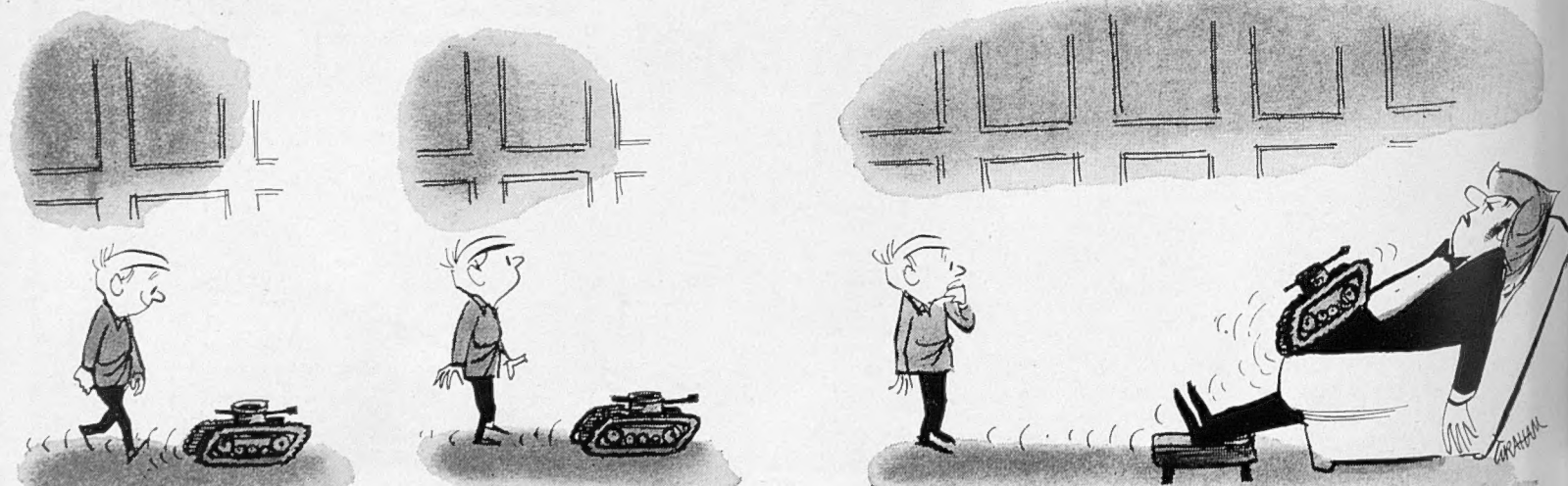
Lyric Theatre. *Write Me A Murder*, 28 March.

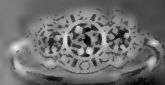
Aldwych Theatre (Royal Shakespeare Company). *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, 29 March.



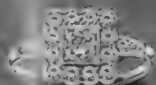
Leading Australian soprano Ana-Raquel Satre is seen with her husband Mr. J. Patrick Bashford. She is at present on tour singing the lead roles in La Traviata and Don Giovanni with the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust of which Mr. Charles Mackerras is musical director. In a rehearsal picture published in The Tatler of 7 February Miss Satre and Mr. Mackerras were mistakenly described as husband and wife. We regret the error and apologize for any annoyance or inconvenience caused to either person

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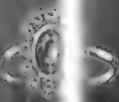
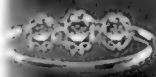


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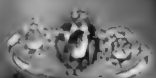
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C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Poor Millionaire, 158 Bishopsgate (opposite Liverpool Street Station). (BIS 9333.) Monday to Friday inclusive for luncheon only from 12.30 p.m. In the middle is the spacious Bull & Bear bar and lounge. On one side is The Guinea & The Piggy where for 21s. you can eat as much as you like of 100 hot and cold dishes, or carve for yourself from an array of joints—it all looked most appetizing. On the other side, where I ate, is the Horn & Claw restaurant, a long, narrow room with modern get-up and red linen tablecloths. It specializes in lobster dishes—there are 14 on the menu—other fish, and steaks and grills. I enjoyed the *Vol au Vent Fruits de Mer*, and the hors d'oeuvre is much above the average. So are the *gâteaux* made by a Hungarian pastry cook. There is a sensible wine list. The main dishes range from 12s. 6d. upwards, but you should be able to do your stockbroker or insurance man well for 25s. without wine. The Poor Millionaire is a stimulating challenge to the smug shabbiness of a number of City restaurants. W.B.

Bella Roma, 200 Shaftesbury Avenue (the top—i.e. eastern—end, near the Princes Theatre). (TEM 0862.) C.S. Small, downstairs but pleasantly appointed and friendly. Specializes in the dishes of Rome, which, the experts say, are essentially different to the cooking of other regions. The *pasta* dish *Rigatoni Ciociara* is flavoured with a sheep's milk cheese. They know how to cook *scampi*, too. Wines include a good 1955 Gancia Barolo. Allow 6s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. for the main dish. Fully licensed. Open 12 noon-3 p.m. and 6 p.m. to midnight.

The Salad Bar Sandwich, Victoria Street (British Railways end). Students of gastronomy hold up their hands in horror at the thought of eating a sandwich—except in Scandinavia—but the plain fact is that in these hurried days they are sometimes the alternative to going hungry. This clean restaurant with its wide variety of well-made sandwiches and cooked broilers is well worth remembering.

Yorkshire centre

Malton in Yorkshire is a pleasant town with some fine houses. One of them is the **Talbot**, a well-run, pleasantly got up Trust House with some fine old furniture in it. It has the additional merit that you can dine late by arrangement. Malton is but 10 minutes drive from Castle Howard, worth a day to itself. York is 18 miles away and the Treasurer's House close by the Minster is a gem not to be missed. In the other direction from Malton lies some lovely country, and at the edge of it Whitby and the sea. Not to be missed also is Boston Spa, and out that way you can eat well at the **Bridge Inn** on A.1 at Walshford near Wetherby, and **Monk Fryston Hall** on A.63 between Leeds and Selby.

Wine note

More and more discerning sherry drinkers are discovering the unique virtues of sherries bottled in Spain. Recently I tasted three of them at the Sanchez Romate Cellars in Tooley Street. They were the Manzanilla Rayito, which is matured in the sea air of San Lucar; the Amontillado N.P.U., held by some people to be the only genuine Amontillado; and a very old Oloroso, El Cesar. The N.P.U. was my favourite in a photo-finish. The youngest bottling of this wine is 17 years old, and it passes through 15 Soleras before reaching the N.P.U. Solera.

... and a reminder

Maestro, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria. Small, Italian, close to the station and not expensive.
Medici, 7 George Street, Baker

Street. (WEL 9370.) Neither the restaurant, the wine list nor the menu are large, but all have a personality of their own.

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Iain Crawford

That early cabaret

CABARET, WHICH USED TO BE THE PREROGATIVE OF THE HOURS AFTER 10 p.m., has lately been moving into the early evening. At the moment this phenomenon—if we except the strip clubs who start peeling just after lunch—is notably evident in Jermyn Street. The **Fifty-Five** had Noel Harrison strumming his good-humoured guitar at cocktail time a month or two back. The idea was to catch the people who were either meeting for a drink before going on for an evening somewhere else, or the chap who was postponing his trip home until the 7.45 train in order to prepare his stomach for home-cooking with a protective lining of alcohol. But after the experiment had been on for a while John Mitchell, one of the Fifty-Five's directors, found that the early evening bar population did not want anything as compulsive as cabaret to go with their drinks. Music in the background was agreeable but they wanted it to stay there. The time for cabaret was after dinner, comfortably relaxed with the second brandy. So Mr. Harrison moved on—as he does anyway—to one of the other night spots in which he is constantly appearing, and Rena Baillie playing the piano and singing an occasional background song took his place. This seemed to me a wise decision. People meeting for a drink between 6 and 8 p.m. want to talk, not to be professionally entertained. Early cabaret, I thought, went out with the thé-dé-là-sant.

But I was wrong. A few doors farther along the **Society** has just taken up the idea. In their Zodiac cocktail lounge Daphne Barker and Iain Kerr with a piano and a couple of microphones are providing 6 to 8 p.m. entertainment with the martinis. The standard is good—

witty, up-to-the-minute topical songs put over with point and slick satirical timing—but I still think the time is wrong. This is a first-rate cabaret act, inventive, amusing and well presented, but it seems to me an unnecessary impediment to early evening drinking.

Music is everywhere these days. In a new Italian eating place in the Fulham Road run by Signor Benci, the ex-maestro of the Cock Tavern in Fleet Street, it is canned and wistfully Italian. The **Trattoria Positano** is the only restaurant I know called after a police chief (Signor Benci's cousin runs the law in Positano) but there is nothing heavy-handed about the food or the prices. An excellent selection of south-of-Naples dishes, beautifully cooked by a chef with a light and flavoursome touch, goes well with the gentle Neapolitan airs that float around the canopied and fish-netted room. The cook painted the mural, too, and you can eat splendidly for less than £1.



MANNING

The Trattoria Positano in the Fulham Road

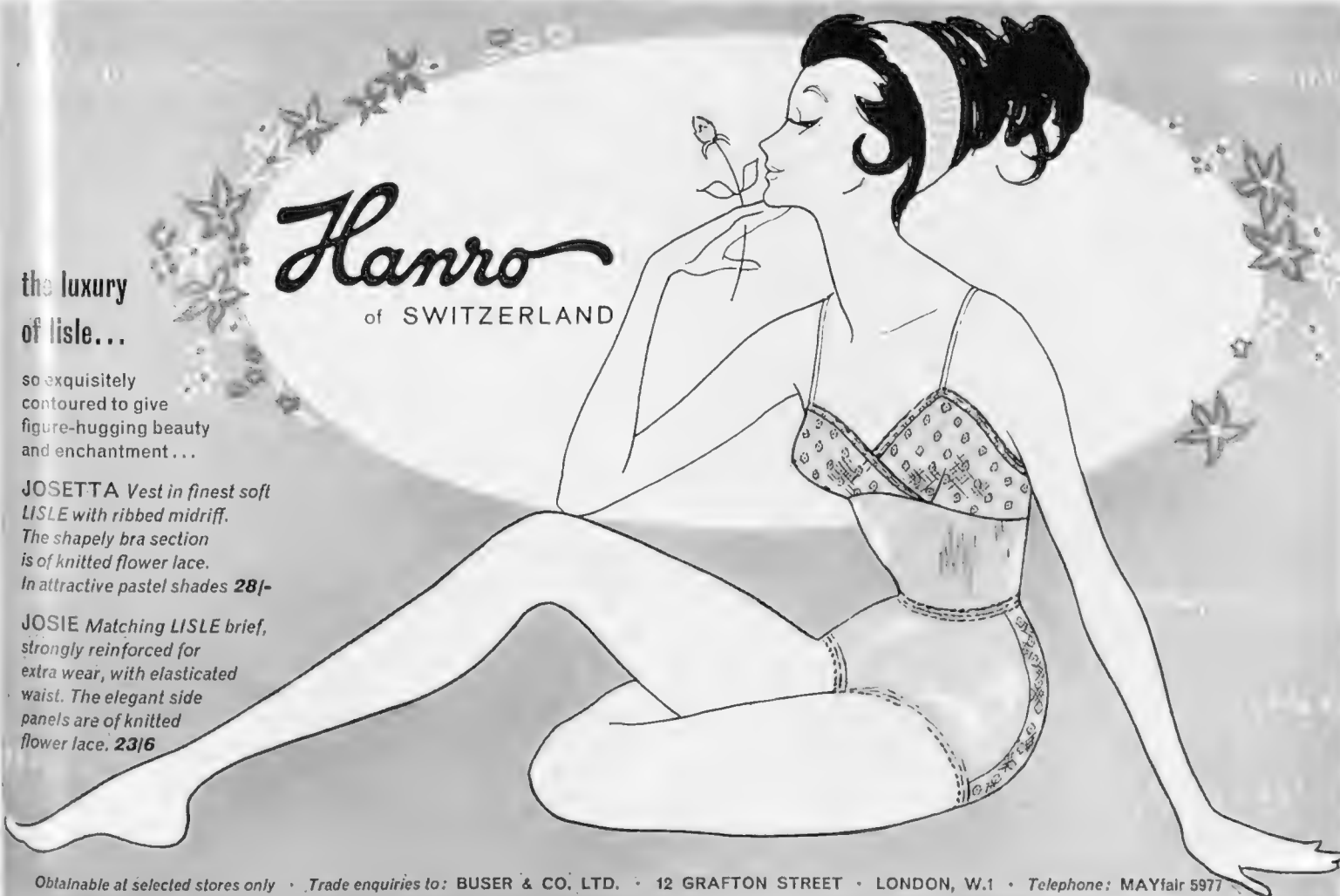
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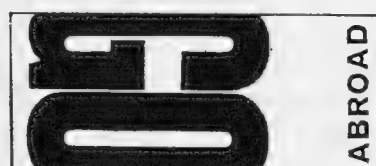
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Revival of old Nile

I MUST BE ONE OF THE LAST PEOPLE WHO WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF getting an Egyptian visa in London. During my stay, the rules were relaxed to the extent that, as from now, the visa formalities can be accomplished on the spot at Cairo Airport or any other port of entry. All of which is significant: Egypt wants the British tourists to come back in pre-war, pre-Suez proportions and, speaking as I found it, the welcome from taxi drivers and hall porters, shopkeepers and restaurateurs, as well as from the officials I met, was warm-hearted, courteous and ungrasping: plus an attribute that I had never suspected of the Egyptians—a subtle and sympathetic sense of humour.

Most big cities east of Rome—notably Athens, Istanbul and Beirut—have a degree of schizophrenia. Cairo, more than any. Its three leading hotels are as glossy, luxurious and well-served as any I know. New Sheppard's (where, by the way, a bedroom with private bath is only £2 15s.), has a most elegant, low-lit basement nightclub with supper and an excellent band that plays not one decibel too loud; the Nile Hilton has a rooftop bar with a panoramic view over the city, and the Semiramis an open rooftop restaurant for summer dining. From either of these heights the impression of the lights and the river, punctuated by the slender pencil of the new Radio Tower (also with its own restaurant) is one of quite ravishing glamour. So is the ambience of Omar Khayyam, a converted houseboat moored on the west bank where you sit on voluptuous sofas, dance, and sup from immense brass trays.

Coming down to earth, and by day, one sees Cairo as a sand-coloured city—even the Nile, at this point, is a sepia monochrome—where new buildings, half-tumbled buildings, and the scaffolding of embryonic skyscrapers form the river frontage to a muddle of streets around which I never learned my way; streets in which traffic seems to be at a perpetual and frustrated standstill, a-wail with motor horns, where barefoot figures clad in their long robes, as well as those in conventional Western dress, scurry and dodge between the bumpers from pavement to pavement, while trams whose passenger load is almost exceeded by those who cling for a lift to the outside grind their way through the labyrinthine streets of the inner city. Cairo cannot, except from certain aspects, be



A. F. KERSTING

OLD CAIRO: The mosque of Qait Bey and (top) the Mohamed Ali citadel



A. F. KERSTING

NEW CAIRO: *Municipal buildings, the Anglican cathedral and the Hilton Hotel seen across the Nile*

called a beautiful city but nobody could deny its sheer life-force, its extraordinary diversity. Only from the desert hills near the pyramids at Giza does one have any impression of it as a whole. In the physical sense, whitened by distance, its skyscrapers might even belong to Manhattan though here they are rooted in the emerald green strip of the Nile delta, a rich jungle of orange groves and sugar cane that ends, without compromise or gradation, in desert.

Most people visit the pyramids by camel or on foot from the base near Menka House. But the romance is to ride properly (the hotel can arrange the hire of an Arab pony from nearby stables) towards sunset, and enter for an hour or two in the low desert hills around them. A desert sunset, I might add, is all that has ever been written of it.

A visit to the Cairo Museum can rouse even the most laggard interest in Egyptology to fever pitch. It is vast in its scope and could take a week to absorb, but the most significant and spectacular exhibit is the gold and lapis treasure of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb, with three of the encasements (the fourth is in the tomb itself at Luxor). The roomful of Pharaohs' mummies is of its kind probably one of the most remarkable things left to see in the world, but one needs strong nerves and stomach to pause for any length of time before those blackened, glass-encased figures, draped in purple velvet. Just the same, they give an important clue, later amplified in the wall-painted tombs of Luxor, to this Egyptian cult of the dead.

The Christian Copts of Egypt are a minority sect, but they have some interesting churches: near the Coptic Museum is one in whose crypt the Holy Family is said to have sheltered on the flight from Herod. Another, better preserved, is the "hanging church" of El Moallaka, with some lovely ikons and wood carving, and a Chief Priest of great wit who is a fund of knowledge on his subject. Of the many mosques, the most important are those of Mohammed Aly near the Citadel and the Mosque of Ibn Touloun built in 870 as a copy of the Kaaba in Mecca. But to me, the most beautiful one is Klawon, in the old and picturesque Khan Khalil district of the Mousky Bazaar; built in the 12th century. It is lit by gloriously coloured stained glass windows that throw pools of

emerald and amber, crimson and sapphire, on the stone floor. Sensuously appealing to the eye, it is far more than an "important monument."

Switching to the purely acquisitive, the El Khalil district is full of rewarding jewellers' shops. You will find among some rather horrid souvenirs plenty of real bargains in semi-precious stones, with settings reproduced from attractive antique harem rings. You can do well for £10 and under. Other good buys are the dark turquoise glass lanterns and plates, and tall brass hookahs to make into lamps. Bargaining is expected, but the reliable jewellers are usually unwilling to budge from their price. All gold is weighed and stamped.

Outside Cairo, Egypt has two distinct seasons: the winter season from November to the end of April for the Upper Nile resorts of Luxor and Aswan; and the summer season, for Alexandria, Port Said and the Red Sea resorts. Since I propose to write later of the Upper Nile because there are only five weeks of the season to go, I shall be brief: Aswan, 2½ hours by Viscount from Cairo, is the place to relax in air that is like hot crystal; sail the river and the islets in a soundless felucca, or make the three-day return trip by steamer up-river to see the last of the temples at Abu Simbel. They haven't had rain in Aswan since the dawn of time. Enchanted by the place, I asked the proprietor of the Cataract Hotel why he closed up from May to November. "In winter," he said, "this place is a heaven. In summer, it is hell." Luxor, equally, is too hot to be pleasant in summer and there, also, the leading hotel—the Winter Palace—closes in May. But the smaller Luxor Hotel—which in fact has more charm and far better food—does stay open for those who come to see the Valley of the Kings and Nobles, and the temples at Karnak. These *can* be seen in a day—just—and Luxor is only one hour's flight from Cairo. United Arab Airlines operate all internal services, and also daily Comet flights to London via Rome and either Geneva, Frankfurt or Zurich. As with many of the smaller airlines, I found their service charmingly personal and their staff at base most ready to help with advice and information. First-class return fare from London is £199 6s., Economy £135. Several travel agents operate inclusive tours in Egypt including the flight for £185 for 14 days.



GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

Candid spokeswoman of the rebel generation, playwright Ann Jellicoe shocked squaredom with stick-knives in *The Sport Of My Mad Mother*. Her second play, *The Knack*, a comedy opening at the Royal Court Theatre on 27 March, is likely to probe sensibilities even deeper, for it tosses a young country girl into a houseful of wild (but likeable) young men for a communal romp, in the endeavour, doubtless philosophic, to discover the secret of winning influence over a young woman. Above: Nancy (Rita Tushingham) tests a bed for soundness, while Colin, Tom & Tolen (Philip Locke, James Bolam, Julian Glover) discuss a point in the script. Right: Miss Jellicoe, who directs with Keith Johnstone, goes over a scene with James Bolam

ROGER MAY



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THE TATLER
21 MARCH 1962

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JAMAICA CHALLENGE



The Duke of Marlborough is one of the newest householders in Jamaica, the sunshine island that is steadily taking over from the South of France as the smartest place to head for when winter comes. The Duke is seen by the swimming pool at Woodstock House with its magnificent view of Montego Bay. With him is his daughter, Lady Caroline Waterhouse, who has been helping furnish Woodstock with pieces shipped out from Blenheim Palace. Muriel Bowen writes about people and places in Jamaica overleaf, Desmond O'Neill took the pictures

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

Jamaica and to a lesser extent the smaller islands to the south of it are slowly taking over from the South of France as the smartest spots for a winter holiday. The reason is easily found because the unwavering West Indian heat, the calypso bands and the shimmering white sands are bliss in August but even greater bliss in February or March. Not surprisingly the hotels are full and B.O.A.C. has never had quite so much traffic. Jamaica gets her independence in a few months but in some respects the island has not changed at all. For example it's still a great place for talk. From Roundhill to Ocho Rios people debated the same topic: would Mr. Stanhope Joel's Frenchman's Cove win the Grand National? **Mr. & Mrs. Joel** are due in England in a few days from their house in Ocho Rios, and when they go to Aintree on Saturday week they will be seeing their big chestnut race for the first time—they don't count the time they saw him on television.

"It's all an accident that I have something in the National," Mr. Joel said with the air of a man who hasn't got used to his good luck. "I was trying to breed a stayer for the flat. When I found myself with this great big fellow I wondered what to do with him until my son-in-law Tom Jones suggested 'chasing.'"

Mr. Joel's horse is named after the smart hotel and cottage colony at Port Antonio on the eastern end of the island. It's the place that Mr. Garfield Weston started a few years ago, with an inclusive rate of around £700 for two for two weeks. The clientele is about 10 per cent English, the rest American and Canadian. When I spoke to Mr. Joel, he had just left the Cove and told this story which had given him a big thrill; "I met a Mr. Bird from Newbury who said he had backed my horse after getting a brochure about the hotel in the post. His winnings were enough to pay all the expenses of a holiday at Frenchman's Cove." But what of Frenchman's Cove at Aintree? Mr. Joel was very frank: "He's got no speed, you know. But the poor old chap will plod on forever." If Mr. R. A. Butler's tampering with the jumps two years ago hasn't made things too easy for the speed merchants, who knows, it could be that we will all be in a position to afford a holiday at Frenchman's Cove.

AN ISLAND WOODSTOCK

As in most islands in the sun there is a certain amount of buying and selling of house property all the time Lord Beaverbrook is selling his house and the asking price is £60,000. The island's newest householder is the **Duke of Marlborough** and I zig-zagged up a narrow corkscrew road through beautiful foliage and past a shanty settlement to visit him. "After a lot of looking round I decided to buy in Jamaica," the Duke told me. "It's so mountainous and beautiful, the other places aren't a patch on it." It's a fine house with one of those exquisite

Georgian doorways reminiscent of Dublin's Georgian squares, and I don't suppose that he will have any trouble letting it (as he proposes to do) for the 11 months of the year that he is not there. The Duke has renamed the property appropriately as Woodstock House. He shipped out a large crate of furniture from Blenheim (only to discover that it wasn't quite sufficient) and his daughter **Lady Caroline Waterhouse** was busy with the heavy job of putting it all in place. Lady Caroline gets a big kick out of shopping in the old chaotic shambles of a food market in Montego Bay where stallholders enjoy customers who argue and bargain over the vegetables. Lady Caroline, who went there with the cook ("she did most of the talking"), thinks the other English residents miss a lot of the fun by shopping in the supermarket.

MAGIC OF MONTEGO

Most famous of the Jamaican resorts is Montego Bay; dancing on open terraces, midnight beach parties, serenading calypso bands beneath one's hotel patio at sundown, and limbo and fire dances after dinner give the resort a panache all its own. Sun-tanned hibernators have their individual ways of dealing with all this, and I watched some of them diligently going through *The Times* or the *Wall Street Journal* while a couple of palms away chefs were busying themselves with the outdoor barbecue. The great meeting spot of the English at lunchtime is the Sunset Lodge hotel. It's much like Claridge's on the first day of the Chelsea Flower Show. An empty lounge is quickly crowded and they all know each other. Those who have been staying there include **Sir Miles & Lady Thomas**, **Sir Vincent & Lady de Ferranti** who go out for a month every year, and **Sir Frederic & Lady Hooper** joining in most of the activities with their friends, **Comdr. & Mrs. E. Whitehead**. **Margherita Lady Howard de Walden** stayed *en route* to South America and others there were **Capt. Edward Molyneux**, **Mr. & Mrs. H.S.H. Guinness**, **Mrs. R. Heathcoat-Amory**, **Mr. & Mrs. Charles Orr Stanley**, and **Mr. A. J. Newman** and his Texas-born wife. The Newmans have homes in Bristol, London, New York and Texas and with all this she manages to keep a watchful eye on the business side of 36 American hotels. There's a lot of visiting between the Sunset Lodge and Montego Beach hotels—they are side by side. The Montego Beach with its old country reserve, good food, impeccable, thoughtful, and imaginative service provided me with the most enjoyable hotel sojourn I've ever had. I tried to talk to some of the top management but they were always too busy behind the scenes, and that probably explains why the place is so well run. It's the life of the great outdoors at Montego Bay with the visitors going out in boats rather than cars. Just as I left it was the turn of the tennis and polo players. **Mr. Billy Walsh** and **Mr. Harold Bamburg** had arrived for some polo at St. Ann's

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Montego Bay



Mr. Ian Fleming working on his latest James Bond thriller at his home near Ocho Rios

... SOON FROM JAMAICA



Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Anderson, honeymooning at Ocho Rios. He was a pupil of Annigoni, is getting established as a portrait painter

to Ocho Rios: the people and the places



Capt. & Mrs. J. A. Phillips beside the swimming pool of their home at Montego Bay



Lord Ronald Graham, brother of the Duke of Montrose, deals in real estate at Ocho Rios



Lord & Lady Monson at his mother Mrs. Phillips's home at Montego Bay

NEW JAMES BOND NOVEL AND PICTURES OF A HONEYMOON



Sir John & Lady Paget. Right: Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Peskin at their house at Montego Bay formerly the home of Captain Edward Molyneux



At King's House for a reception by the Governor, Sir Kenneth Blackburne



The Governor of Jamaica, Sir Kenneth Blackburne, and Lady Blackburne, receiving their guests



Jamaican businessman Mr. Abe Linn with his wife at the Governor's party

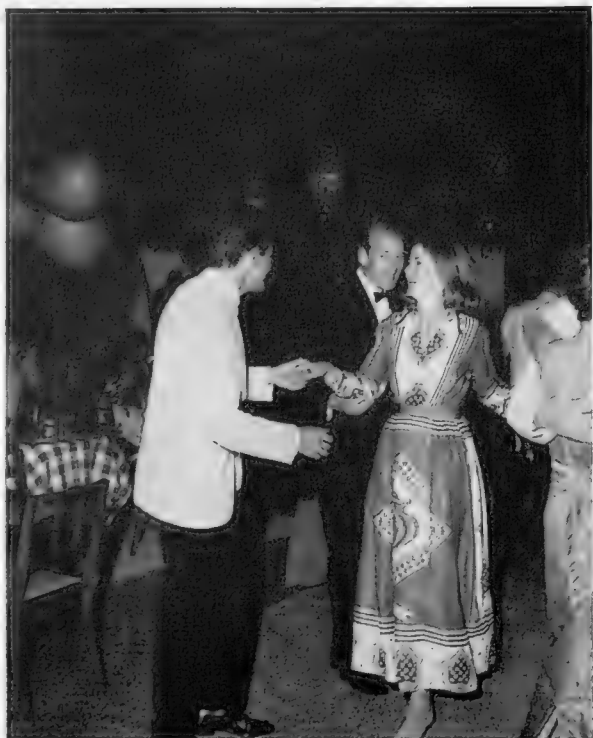
The Nawab of Pataudi, vice-captain of the visiting Indian cricket team

PHOTOGRAPHS : DESMOND O'NEILL

ISLAND REVELS

At the Round Hill Hotel for the ball of the British Red Cross Society

Mr. David Eskell-Griggs and Miss Caroline Neilson dance a cha-cha-cha



Mr. R. Brinkley Smithers who has a private atom bomb shelter in America

Earl Alexander of Tunis drew the raffle prizes; with him, Mr. John Pringle



MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

and there was an international match between Jamaica and the United States at Montego Bay. Polo isn't as strong as it used to be in Jamaica but nevertheless it is played with great enthusiasm all the year round. Miss **Christine Truman** and Miss **Maria Bueno** (making a comeback after her illness of last year) came for the Caribbean championships.

PARTY TIME AT ROUNDHILL

I drove nearly 20 miles from Montego Bay to Roundhill where **Capt. & Mrs. James Phillips** had a number of guests staying at The Great House. The former **Bettie Lady Monson**, Mrs. Phillips is the island's most noted party-giver—her pool parties are famous for their originality. **Capt. & Mrs. Phillips** who were married recently at Ince Parish Church, met several years ago on the ship on which she was travelling to Jamaica. Farther along the coast others enjoying their houses in the sun include the **Hon. Sir Arthur & Lady Lorna Howard** (she's the late **Earl Baldwin's** daughter); **Mr. Clarence Dillon**, father of one of **Mr. Kennedy's** young men; **Mr. Douglas Dillon**, Secretary of the Treasury; and **Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Little, Jr.**, who have got a unique round house, and who have since come to England for a visit before returning home to California. **Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks** have been staying at **Lady Sarah Russell's** house. **Lady Sarah** tells me that her daughter, **Miss Serena Russell**, will be coming to England about 10 June for the parties of the London Season, and there is to be a dance for her at **Blenheim**. I went on to the Red Cross Ball at the Roundhill Hotel for which **Lady (Pamela) Bird** deserves full marks as chairman. It was an amusing party and she raised a staggering sum of money for the Red Cross, for instance a pair of gold lamé pyjamas and cape "for the house" was auctioned for over £500. The ball was preceded by dinner served at tables covered with red and white check cloths set on a terrace under almond trees hung with red balloons and Chinese lanterns. But conversation strayed a long way from balloons and lanterns. **Mr. R. Brinkley Smithers** gave me an invitation to visit his atom shelter on Long Island, reputedly the best private one in the world. It's built into a slope in the garden, beneath a layer of earth, a layer of lead and a layer of concrete. **Mr. Smithers** has it already stocked up with such things as packaged food, and special "decontamination clothes." It's a spacious shelter with accommodation for 22 people and the dogs. "I will be a sort of Commander-in-Chief myself," **Mr. Smithers** explained filling me in on the details. My meeting with **Mr. Smithers** was after **Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis & Countess Alexander** had returned to their hotel. I think the Field Marshal would have been fascinated by the businessman's calmly thought-out plan.

Lord Alexander having finished his work in the island was enjoying a couple of days of sunshine and fun. He has one of those jobs wives dream of for their husbands. As chairman of the Aluminium Company of Canada his sphere of activity includes Jamaica, where he had gone out to inspect bauxite deposits and hold a board meeting.

The hotel at Roundhill has had a succession of English people to stay since mid-January. **Sir Geoffrey & Lady Crowther** have been there, also **Mr. & Mrs. John Sunley**, **Sir Eric Errington**, **M.P.**, & **Lady Errington**, **Lord & Lady Rootes**, **Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman** (they have a cottage in the hotel grounds) and **Lord Belper**. The sun, all those long cool drinks and the parties all help to put on weight, but not everybody can attack the excess avoirdupois with the single-mindedness of **Lord Belper**. Since returning to England his friends admire the way he ignores their food when asked out to dinner, sticking steadfastly instead to his slimming diet.

PEACE FOR A WRITER

From Montego Bay I drove to Ocho Rios, passing through sleepy villages and past gorgeous unspoiled beaches. There I visited **Mr. Ian Fleming**, another of those Englishmen of steely self-discipline. He was at his house there, writing another of the James Bond books. "I do the same every year," he told me. "I allow myself about six weeks to write a book, and I always write facing a wall. You must write in a vacuum." Another thing he likes about Jamaica is the telephone system. "Everybody knows it doesn't work, so they don't even try to get at you." **Lord Ronald Graham** who has a real estate business at Ocho Rios told me that the place has grown tremendously in the past ten years. "There are not enough of the old homes of the 1760's to satisfy the demand for them," he said. "Also more people are renting houses all the time." Houses rent from about £300 to £500 a month. The advantage for the hotels in the new growth of Ocho Rios is that they have been able to build straight into an era of air-conditioning and cosmopolitan appointments. I stayed at the Shaw Park Beach Club. The glass rear wall of my bed-sitting-room could be pushed back so I could walk straight out on the beach. The hotel is the brain-child of **Sir Brian Mountain** the insurance magnate, who was staying at his house nearby with his family. It was sad to leave Jamaica. There was so much more to see and to do. There wasn't a vacant seat in the returning B.O.A.C. *Britannia*. With the air fare reduced 20 per cent a few months ago it is now possible to book a B.O.A.C. flight to Jamaica and back with 14 days in an hotel for £235. A very worthwhile reduction as individual booking made at the same hotels comes to about £12 to £14 a day.

SNOW DAY AT COTTENHAM



ROGER HILL

The Cambridge University United Hunts' Club point-to-point races were held in a driving snow-storm. Above: **Mr. Ian Balding** who won the United Hunts' Cup on *Carellie*



THE LOVING-CUP BRIDE

Miss Diana Heathcoat Amory was married to Mr. Peter Sichel at St. Peter's, Tiverton, Devon. The reception was held at her home, Calverleigh Court; bride & bridegroom drank a toast in wine from the Bordeaux estate where they will live



Sir John Heathcoat-Amory Bt., the bride's uncle, with Miss Annabel Buxton



Mr. & Mrs. Allan Sichel, the bridegroom's parents. Mr. Sichel is head of the family wine-shipping concern



Col. & Mrs. William Heathcoat Amory, the bride's parents, receiving the Earl of Eldon at the reception



The two older bridesmaids were Miss Catherine Heathcoat Amory, the bride's sister, and Miss Amanda Heathcoat Amory



Mr. & Mrs. John Davy



Mr. Robin Blackburne & Miss Heather Harward



Mr. Peter Green, Commodore of the R.O.R.C., with Mrs. Green. Below: Mrs. P. Akroyd and Capt. J. H. Illingworth, R.N., a former Commodore of the club



SAILORS ASHORE

... for the annual ball of the Royal Ocean Racing Club held at the Hyde Park Hotel

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Right: Major G. E. W. Potter and Mrs. F. H. Knottenbelt



From left: Mr. Alan Paul, secretary of the R.O.R.C., Mrs. B. Sparkes, Sir David Mackworth, Bt., and Miss Hope Kirkpatrick, assistant secretary of the club



From left: Mr. Miles Wyatt, Admiral of the R.O.R.C., Mrs. David Curling, Mrs. Miles Wyatt and Mr. David Curling



STARTERS ORDERS

Five days before the start of the 1962 flat racing season Christian Fairfax supplies a report with pictures on the men who give the 2.30 a kick-off



Down with the lever—up with the gate

A call to the paddock before the next "off"

THAT CURIOUS CONTRAPTION THE STARTING GATE lies up because a mystic individual called the starter has pressed a button, or, to be quite accurate, pulled a lever. He's a skilled man, that starter: his standing among the racing fraternity is high, his power great. He's mentioned on the race card; above the judge; but after the stewards. But ask the average racegoer the starter's name, and he will look at you as though he finds it quite unnecessary that he should have one—a name that is. The necessity for the starter is obvious. You remember that it always spoilt that childhood race across the lawn when no one could be persuaded to say: "One, two, three, go!" The starter of a race on the Turf says: "Are you ready, jockeys?" The jockeys

never are, so he pays no attention to their cries of: "No, sir! No, no, sir!" He watches, and takes his chance. That's the art in starting.

But there are other people at the start of a race besides the starter. They do not have the status of their name on the race card; but they are important. They spend the entire meeting in the far away void of the course, travelling from gate to gate in a lorry carrying an assortment of necessities to set the gate in motion; and a telephone. There is a plug at each gate for the telephone, and the first thing on arrival is to call the paddock and discover the winner of the last race, and the runners in the next.

It is remote and silent at the start before the horses come, particularly on Newmarket

Heath, but there are compensations. The start of the Cesarewitch, for instance, is close to a gamekeeper's cottage, and every year in a manner that has become a tradition, the gamekeeper walks out with a wireless.

The men at the start know a thing or two about racing and about horses. Take the chap with the whip. Officially all he has to do is stand behind the horses and crack the lash if they won't go up to the gate, or worse, if they refuse to race.

Then there's the fellow with the red flag and the one with the white. The white is behind the horses to signal that they are under starter's orders, and the red to say if the start is valid.

And it can be cold. So all the starters must be tough.

The gate goes up, so do heads—raggedly

A rare event—the well-balanced start



REPORT ON PRE-PREPS



At Gibbs School: (above) milk at eleven, (below) the Headmaster, Mr. M. Holding, takes a class and (opposite) the daily walk



It's the first uniform that counts. When your five-year-old son puts on a blazer with a badge, a cap that's a fraction too big, and a small shred of a tie, and sets off on his first day at pre-prep school, he's also setting off on a career. The pre-preps provide an introduction to the elderly world of what-is-the-capital-of-Hungary that will eventually lead to university. Angela Ince picked three of them to see how the falter is taken out of those first steps. Roger Mayne took the pictures

Gibbs School

COLLINGHAM GARDENS, S.W.5 □ RUN BY:
MR. M. HOLDING □ STARTED: 1900 □ FEES:
35 GNS. A TERM □ UNIFORM: RED CAP □
90 PUPILS □ 6 STAFF

DISCIPLINE

This school treats the children as young school-boys rather than elderly babies from the moment they arrive. Mr. Holding, who has the affectionately ironic attitude towards children typical of all good schoolmasters, takes a firm but elastic attitude towards discipline. "I have occasionally advanced with a slipper on a boy who thinks he can go as far as he likes, but it's hardly ever necessary—I haven't used one for over a year, in fact. When I tell them I was beaten like a gong at school they just don't believe me. You have to remember that naughtiness need not always be the child's fault. I can always tell when there's a new baby at home—young Tommy's not getting so much attention from mother—so he jolly well sees to it that he gets some at school. Of course, one can't explain to him why he's being naughty, one just has to tolerate it. It passes."

GAMES

This school has games twice a week, not only for the obvious advantage of physical exercise. "Life is essentially unfair, and it's just as well that children should learn this early . . . at the age of five it's the end of the world if you get kicked on the shins at football. By the time you're eight you should know it isn't."

WORK

"Boys have no upward graph in learning—they bound ahead one term, lie fallow the next. This is why we don't take girls; they, I think, go on learning steadily the whole time. You'd ask a question, and a forest of hands would go up from the girls—Tommy in the back row would think, *she* knows, let *her* answer." The five-year-olds start by working in the mornings only, and by the time they're eight Mr. Holding has a shrewd idea which boys will be getting the scholarships later on in life. "Not necessarily the bookworm, but the child who has achieved at the age of eight a power of concentration."

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS

This school sees its responsibility as twofold; to produce a child who has a sound basis of knowledge the preparatory school can build on—and to see to it that this child can deal with school life. "Boarding school is the biggest adventure of their lives—the first time they leave home. We have to toughen them up as well as educate them. Instilling the idea of responsibility is just as important as teaching facts."



At Hill House the boys spend half an hour every day in the gym



Hill House School

HANS PLACE, S.W.1 □ RUN BY: COLONEL & MRS. H. S. TOWNEND □ STARTED: 1951 □ FEES: 30 TO 45 GNS. A TERM □ UNIFORM: RUSSET & BEIGE □ ALSO A PREPARATORY SCHOOL □ 160 PUPILS □ 17 STAFF

DISCIPLINE

Colonel Townend is a quiet man, almost diffident until he starts talking about education. His views are decided and sometimes unusual. "There's no corporal punishment here of any kind, whatever the age. Children should be led from the front, not driven from behind—taught by example and not by fear. What you must do is explain the reason for everything. We never have the slightest possible problem with discipline . . . children like to be obedient, and love school."

GAMES

One of the reasons why they love this particular school is probably because it takes for granted that small boys, like engines, need to let off steam regularly. Every day they spend half an hour working-out in the gym, which is a 50-foot room equipped with ropes, bars, swings and, fortunately, sound-proofed walls. They play the traditional team games every day, but, untraditionally, don't have matches with other schools. They don't have a first eleven because Colonel Townend thinks it wrong that the same children should be continually picked out for notice, "every boy should be able to find something in which he is rather better than his friends."

WORK

The children are expected to work as hard as they play, but no rigid standard of achievement is insisted on. "A boy of five usually knows numbers, letters, and colours, but not necessarily—sometimes they're slow starters. This is the stage when first class teaching is absolutely essential. This is the basis on which you're going to build the entire education."

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS

This school will produce a little boy who is integrated, who knows how to mix happily with other children, who has learnt early to take an international view of life. Part of the syllabus for eight-year-olds is a visit to Switzerland, where the Townends have a house at Clion-sur-Montreux. They go there not to play, though ski-ing is obviously an everyday activity, but to learn to work against a different background.



Colonel Townend with a class



Mr. R. J. Buswell, B.A., taking a chemistry class



Singing lesson with Miss J. Nicholas and Miss J. Harmer

End of the day at Wetherby School; all the pupils shake hands with Mr. Russell as they leave



Wetherby School

WETHERBY PLACE, S.W.7 ☐ RUN BY: MR. & MRS. GERALD RUSSELL ☐ STARTED: 1951 ☐
FEES: 24 TO 30 GNS. A TERM ☐ UNIFORM: GREY & RED ☐ 90 PUPILS ☐ 6 STAFF

DISCIPLINE

Mrs. Russell is a warm, charming woman who can suddenly turn on you the kind of all-seeing Headmistress eye that takes you right back to the time you giggled in Prayers 15 years ago. She places great importance on manners and obedience, as anyone can see the moment they enter a classroom. The children spring to their feet, the one nearest the door lunges at it to hold it open. If they are naughty they are sent outside the classroom, or they miss something they enjoy, like handcrafts or a play session. Spanking almost never happens, says Mrs. Russell, "only after two or three warnings—it's hardly ever necessary."

GAMES

This school plays games twice a week (football in the winter, rounders and cricket in the summer). "London children who mostly live in flats must have a chance of rushing about and shouting. Boys can't help being noisy, you can't expect them to work if they don't get exercise. Of course at five-and-a-half it's a triumph if they manage to kick the ball at all, let alone in the right direction."

WORK

Mrs. Russell suggests that the children visit the school a term before they start; "they get to know me and the school, it takes away some of the strangeness on the first day." Unlike the other two schools, Wetherbys does accept girls. "Very few, though, about four to a form of 18. Any more and the boys would be swamped—girls have much stronger personalities at that age." Mrs. Russell aims to produce "not necessarily beautiful-looking work they can show at home, but the ability to know what they're doing and why they're doing it."

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS

This school will produce a child who is confident about his work. "It's a big step, leaving home for boarding school for the first time, and if they are sure of themselves from the point of view of work, it's easier for them to cope with the business of being away from home. Most children are helpless at four, but by the time they're eight they've become amazingly efficient."



Boxing, taught by Dr. Percy Sage, is an optional subject



Enthusiastic appreciation of a fellow artist's work

School is over; the mothers arrive to collect them



Concentration at the pencil-chewing stage

PICTURES FOR MOSCOW

Ida Kar is that rare thing—the artist-photographer. She is also a collector of “firsts.” Her five-week exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery of studies of English, French and Russian artists in 1960 was the first occasion on which a State art gallery had officially presented the work of a photographer on such a scale. Her next big show opens at Moscow’s Hall of Friendship on 2 April and again is the first exhibition by a British artist to be sent to the Soviet Union on an exchange basis by the Great Britain-U.S.S.R. Association. There are 76 photographs in the exhibition, 45 are studies of British artists and writers, the rest are French and Soviet in about equal numbers. The treatment is large-scale—some stand six feet high. The same practice was followed at the Whitechapel Gallery where mass lay audiences faced—probably for the first time—the pro-

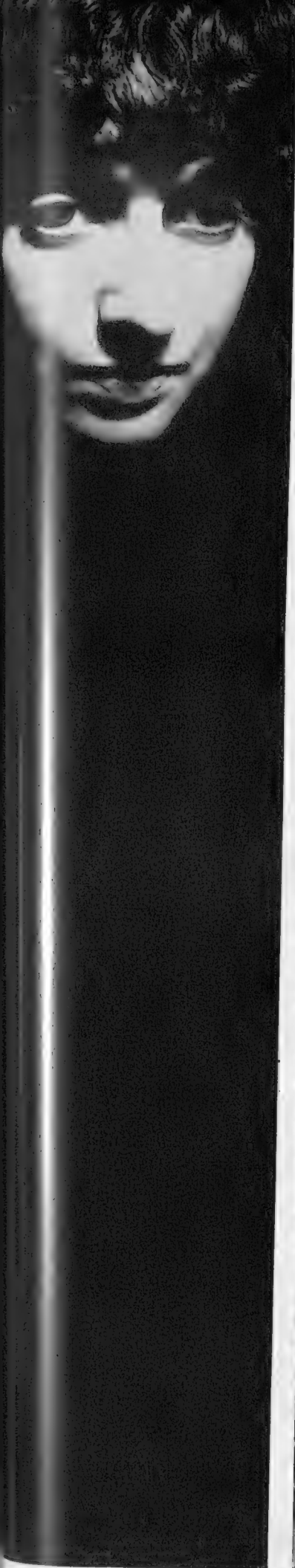
jection of portrait photography as an art form. The hand of the artist was evident even in the presentation and arrangement of her work. The traditional practice of hanging small standardized pictures in rows was abandoned altogether. Instead Miss Kar carefully considered the size and format of each picture in relation to the wall on which it was to hang, thus achieving a varied and well balanced effect together with an impact in depth. Miss Kar, born of Armenian stock at Tomboy, near Moscow, in 1908, takes her portrait studies for personal pleasure—none of her work is commissioned. Photographic historian Helmut Gernsheim (see picture overleaf) notes that many consider her one of the leading portrait photographers of famous contemporaries. Her work has drawn a striking tribute from Soviet sculptor N. Tomsy who says “each photograph is a profound psychological study.”



Fujita was photographed by Ida Kar in Paris where he has lived since 1913. Characteristically Fujita works with a Japanese brush and Chinese ink, finishes with European paint



Noël Coward's picture is one of Ida Kar's most successful portrait studies. She is seen standing in front of it. Coward's latest musical “Sail Away,” already seen on Broadway, opens here in June



Ida de Beer is a young artist taken
for the Whitechapel show. Presen-
tation was the idea of John Cox, a
former pupil of Ida Kar. Her comment,
"one can always learn from youth"



John Piper sat on a step ladder for the
photographer. Painter, war artist,
designer for opera, ballet and theatre,
Piper is also responsible for windows in
the nave of Eton College Chapel



Helmut Gernsheim (above), author and historian of photography, has written an appreciation of the art of Ida Kar. Negotiations are proceeding to provide a home in Britain for the unique Gernsheim collection of photo-historical items which includes a big section of rare Victoriana

Bernard Kops, poet and playwright ("The Hamlet of Stepney Green"), was photographed with his family. Kops, 26, left school at 13, home at 18. Says Ida Kar of her sitters: "I admire talent and it is talent that I like to photograph."



HONEY IN THE MORNING

Sunday, sweet Sunday mornings spent in bed with the telephone off the hook, coffee on the way, and everything to hand to make life lazy: Tell the temperature by the porcelain thermometer on the bedhead whose rose matches the lamp. Thermometer: £1 11s. 6d., lamp: £10 by Porcelaines Le Tallec at Goodes, South Audley Street. Have a taste of honey from two on the pillow, the first a lidded goblet filled with the delicate Hymettus honey from Greece: £1 5s. 6d., and a French honey from the Narbonne Valley: £1 19s. 6d. Plus a jar of Blenheim marmalade matured in wood: £1 12s. 6d. All at Fortnum & Mason. Sip tea from a precious antique mandarin's teapot in thin, flowery porcelain with a silver handle: 47 gns. from Gifts of China, New Quebec Street. Wake up to music from the Sony six transistor watch radio—pre-set the night before to the sort of programme you like: £26 15s. from Fortnum & Mason. Drink coffee from a white & gold porcelain early morning coffee set with its own tray (matching urn-shaped vase holds morning flowers). All by Porcelaines Le Tallec. Coffee set: £15 5s., vase: £3 12s. 6d. at Goodes. Drift around in a negligée with blue embroidered rosebuds sunning themselves on whitest nylon, plus a blue satin sash: by Angela Gore at Woollands, 20 gns. More lazy morning accessories: Brass bedhead, £16, pale pink checked cotton sheet, £4 7s. 6d., and pillowcase, 32s. 6d. a pair at Heals. Flowers every morning of the week if you like from the Four Seasons Flower Club, 11 New Quebec Street, which has a membership fee of 10s. 6d. a year

COUNTER SPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



Lord Kilbracken

I take a whirl at Olympia

WHEN I DECIDED TO PAY A VISIT THE OTHER DAY TO THE Ideal Home Exhibition (no, Miranda, it is *not* a display of the best Foreign Secretaries), I asked an old friend of mine, Mrs. Helen Hoke Watts, if she'd like to go along with me. Helen is one of those ebullient American grandmothers who must, inescapably, have passed the half-century a few years back, as proved by her children's children, the hungry generations; but has at all times the vitality and nervous energy of a teenager. By trade she is a publisher. We met for lunch at the House, and she told me she had been up till three that morning in the Crazy Horse Saloon, her chosen *venue*, of all places in Paris, for discussing and signing a contract of great importance; had read from three to six, having found herself unsleepy, when it was time to start thinking about catching her London plane; and had passed the morning at work on a stack of letters which awaited her at the Savoy. But she had arrived for our luncheon date exactly as Big Ben struck *one*, as eager as a beaver (after downing a large Scotch) and twice as fresh as paint.

Now, she told me, as we cantered through our chicken soup and galloped through our steak-&-mushroom pie, she had another vital date, to sign a few more vital contracts, at ten past four that afternoon. (Why, I wondered, at *ten past four*?). Let us just stay on for Question Time, Mrs. Watts suggested; we would then still be able, she calculated carefully, to have 35 minutes precisely in which to "do" Olympia, by dint of skilful taxiwork, and still be in time for her date. Knowing that Americans can cheerfully "do" Paris inside a day, and the Louvre in a bare hour, I supposed this would be enough; sleep, it seems, is dispensable.

Lord Walston asked a question about the Dumping of Polish Eggs, and Lord Allerton asked a question about Long-Term Weather Forecasting, and Lord Derwent asked a question about the Records Kept by the Drivers of Commercial Vehicles, and then, as agreed, I caught Helen's eye in the gallery, and a few minutes later *she* was asking *me* questions, as we sped from S.W.1. to W.14, with much more assiduity than any Labour backbencher. I hope I had managed to explain the basic principles, at least, of the British Constitution, and the Parliamentary system, with special reference to the functions (and indeed the justification) of the House of Lords, before we reached our destination.

I had never before been to an Ideal Home Exhibition, as far as I can remember, and was not therefore at all sure what to expect. An ideal home, after all, can have just about anything in it, or around it, or on top of it, from tape recorders to orange-juice-extractors, and from oil-fired central heating to Claudia Cardinale. And indeed the first thing that struck me, as we entered the Grand Hall (which had been full of Russian rockets on my last visit) and

rifled through our catalogues (240 pages, with details of 535 stands), was the amazing comprehensiveness. I imagine it would take the better part of a week to "do" it properly. In our 35 minutes, I calculated quickly, we could spend an average of 3.9 seconds at each stand, which is impossible. (Actually I returned next day to have a more leisured look on my own; in particular I wanted to go over the marvellous "A-Frame Vacation House" which I would dearly love to put up on the shores of Lough Donaweale, within a mile of Killegar, as a base for summer fun. But since the do-it-yourself kit costs £1,750 ex works; it remains a beautiful dream.) We plunged into the hall to see what we would see.

Americans, as we know, are house-proud and gadget-prone beyond all else; what then would be Helen's reactions to this British display of domestic gimmickry? I was prepared, let me admit, for scathing comment, however politely expressed such as: "Yes, very cute—but *we* had it five years ago." I report, however, that nothing of the kind happened; and Helen, I assure you, never fails to speak her mind. On the contrary, she was at once impressed by the up-to-dateness of everything—whether it was the furniture or the washing machines; whether it was the ice-boxes (*anglicé* refrigerators) or the amazing range of cookers with as many dials and switches as on the instrument panel of a last-war bomber. How smart to have a glass-fronted oven—or is this old hat?—and located at eye-level, so that you can not only watch your cake's progress but do so without bending double!

We resisted the brandished blandishments of many slick salesmen—but "They have *nothing* on Madison Avenue," said Helen—and had free samples, nonetheless, of doughnuts and sweetcorn, or orangeade and Marmite sandwiches. We learnt about the Successful Way to Real Wine Making, which, said the handout, was as easy as making tea. (A slight exaggeration, since the process takes four to six weeks. The nicely-named "beginner's kit" costs 33s., including a quart of grapejuice.) Helen's biggest surprise, surprisingly, was the immense display of boilers, to which we must have given at least three precious minutes. "Central heating in England!" she said with a lament. "I didn't know you knew about it! Things will never be the same here now. . . ."

But the time was ticking away and a remorseless impetus was already somehow propelling us in the direction of the exits. "But how about the Shopping Carousel?" I complained. "And the Avenue of Carpets? Surely you don't want to miss the Invitation to Beauty? Or Craft into Art? Or Kitchens of Today?" *Next* year, said Helen, already halfway through the doors; they would have to wait till then. And she whirled away in a taxi, not stopping to catch her breath.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Collection of
rough weather
coats to steer
you safely
through to the
heatwave side
of summer



Photographs at
Limehouse Reach by
JOHN DONALDSON

Rain check by
ELIZABETH DICKSON

Storm raincoat in forest
green gaberdine shot
with brown. Invisible
fastening with handsome
brass buckle and cuffs.
The soft cravat—brass-
buttoned neckline of
Mary Quant's white crêpe
blouse. Highwayman hat
in stitched brown suède.
Paul Blanche coat,
Fenwicks: 14 gns. Bazaar
blouse: 7½ gns. Liberty
hat, 7½ gns.

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS: P.6

Shown with a suffragette stance, the full-length black oilskin with big flap pockets and shiny patent look. Polo storm sweater in oiled cream wool. Coat and sou'-wester together: about £3. Jersey 45s. From seamen's store at Grant, West India Dock Road



Seen on the run, shiny
black oilskin coat, cut
three-quarter length with
mandarin collar. Greeny-
blue camouflage shade
scarf in chiffon. Oilskin,
S. Grant in West India
Dock Road: 47s. 6d.
Scarf, Kiki Byrne in
Chelsea: 37s. 6d.





Copying the Humphrey Bogart signature—the simple trenchcoat with upturned collar and slit at the back, belt to tie or not. Telemac at Debenham & Freebody: £11 0s. 6d. Immaculate brown kid gloves, Miloré



Short scarlet scooter coat in showerproof poplin, tied with hip-belt. Plaid deerstalker and white crêpe blouse, frilled at the cuff. Hettemarks coat at Marshall & Snelgrove, about 9 gns. Draught-proof deerstalker, Burberry: 4 gns. Bazaar blouse: 7 gns.



Staunch travelling partners with no care about rain: West of England coat and slightly flared skirt. Chestnut Shetland sweater to match the brown and green wool check. Brown leather schoolboy cap. Coat 23 gns., skirt 5½ gns., sweater 5 gns., all at Asquascutum. Chez Elle cap, Liberty: 6½ gns.





Brighter outlook affair in green speckled tweed with the showerproof treatment, can be worn with narrow self belt. Long sky blue chiffon scarf to wrap as a hood. Weathergay coat at Lawrence & Sons, Charing Cross Road, £7 2s. 6d., and crêpe chiffon hood, Kiki Byrne: 37s. 6d.

Pinched from a beautiful spy—creamy gaberdine trenchcoat, worn with navy and white polo sweater, navy beret and string-backed leather gloves. Burberry coat: 15 gns. Holyrood sweater at Swan & Edgar: 4 gns. Gloves by Miloré



Raincoat to wrap around the prettiest clothes—a cover-up to see you through to the most glamorous destination. In baby blue Terylene with full back and gun-metal buttoning. Worn over blue cashmere twinset. To carry—the hazy grey and hyacinth print scarf. Christian Dior coat, Fortnum & Mason: 18 gns. Pringle twinset. Harrods: £10 5s. Chiffon from Liberty: £2 5s.



Good as an umbrella and twice as pretty, chic raincoat in proofed spinach poplin. Tailored with sloping shoulder line and low half-belt at the back. To keep hair dry and tidy: squashy white leather hat. Anglomac at Bourne & Hollingsworth: 13½ gns. Chez Elle hat, Liberty: 4 gns. Pale green chiffon drape at the neck. Kiki Byrne: 37s. 6d.

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

- P.689 Paul Blanche dark green raincoat at: Elsie, Haslemere; Joan Grey, Henley in Arden
Brown suede hat with stitching at Greensmith Downes. By Chez Elle
- P.692 Telemac off-white trenchcoat at Allders, Croydon; Mitchell Cox & Williams, Malvern
- P.693 Hettemarks of Sweden red MG jacket at Dalys, Glasgow; Spooners, Plymouth
Soft brown leather schoolboy cap at Cresta Silks (most branches). By Chez Elle
- P.694 Weathergay single-breasted coat in grey-green tweed at Brights, Bristol; Leodian, Eastbourne
- P.695 Holyrood polo-necked sweater at Smalls, Edinburgh; Frasers, Glasgow
- P.696 Christian Dior collarless coat in Terylene at Lotinga, Norwich; Vogue Styles, Jersey
Pringle classic cashmere twinset available at all large stores
Anglomac of Denmark bottle green shot cotton poplin very simple coat at Dalys, Glasgow; Bolingbroke, Chelmsford
White leather hat "Punch" at Greensmith Downes. By Chez Elle

YES?

VERDICTS

PLAYS *Anthony Cookman*

Scapa! Adelphi Theatre. (David Hughes, Edward Woodward, Pete Murray, Max Faulkner.)

Utility musical

REVIVING A POPULAR STRAIGHT PLAY AS A MUSICAL IS AN UNDERTAKING as perilous as it is tempting. Mr. Rattigan tried it on with *French Without Tears* and was probably startled by the short time taken by the jury to bring in a damning verdict. Now Mr. Hugh Hastings, the author of the highly-successful *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, has succumbed to the same temptation. The result—**Scapa!** at the Adelphi—was given a very friendly reception by the first night audience. I shall be interested to find out whether the general public will share their reaction or my own, which was extremely unenthusiastic. It seemed to me, from first to last, that Mr. Hastings had been led into temptation largely because he knew that he could write music and lyrics—of a sort. But the music turns out to be much of a muchness, at its best when sonorously sentimental or violently energetic, and the lyrics notably lack bite and guile. Let us call this side of the show competent but we are bound to add that it is never more than competent. And something rather more inspired is required to carry a story which with its post-war atmosphere seems today even more dated than that of *French Without Tears* and is certainly less naturally adaptable to the light musical stage.

The sailors waiting on an island in Scapa Flow to carry out a secret and dangerous experimental explosion are strictly segregated from the world. They are allowed no women visitors. Mr. Hastings is thus forced to break new ground with an all-male musical. This might well challenge the resource of the American masters of the musical. Mr. Hastings rises but feebly to the challenge. He is careful to set his sailors singing about the girls they know in every port, which is well enough in its way, but his main solution of the problem is to bring the curtain down on the interval with a concert party consisting entirely of dancing female impersonators. This is an exceedingly ugly affair. If this is indeed the first all-male musical we are left grumbling as Johnson grumbled that a woman preaching "Is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

For in other ways as well, the story of *Seagulls Over Sorrento* refuses to fall into musical shape. My recollection of the original play is that the barrack-room banter and the merry war the men carry on with a petty officer who is too big for his boots were somehow threaded into a narrative that created a measure of surprise. There is hardly any surprise left in the musical. We hear early on that the men are to draw lots for the honour of working at the side of the officer who is to carry out the dangerous experiment. But not until nearly the end does the draw take place. Meanwhile the men dance and sing and amuse themselves with Service banter and we have plenty of time to forget all about the business that has brought them to the island. As the war recedes Service banter tends to lose its charm. We realize that it is much like the jokes that hospital nurses exchange with their patients. The patient who stays long enough learns that what at first struck him as a series of neatly apt comments are in fact drawn from the common stock of jokes that nurses pick up during their training and use on a

succession of patients. Much of the humour of this musical consists of routine jokes made to fit any and every occasion. Like the songs and the dances they fall into monotony.

Still, the cast work hard to produce a surface effect of animation. Mr. Pete Murray, an engaging young comedian well-known as a disc jockey, works hard to put some life into the Service banter, and Mr. David Hughes, a powerful singer who with better songs might have done much, Mr. Edward Woodward as the taciturn Scotsman, and Mr. Max Faulkner as a scientific don in disguise, do their best to make bricks without straw. Mr. Woodward is especially unlucky. He has no sooner established a sympathetic personality than he is blown up in his workshop (off); and the musical rolls exuberantly and heartlessly along.

FILMS *Elspeth Grant*

Walk On The Wild Side. Director Edward Dmytryk. (Laurence Harvey, Capucine, Jane Fonda, Anne Baxter, Barbara Stanwyck.)

The Devil Never Sleeps. Director Leo McCarey. (William Holden, France Nuyen, Clifton Webb.)

The Devil & The Nun. Director Jerzy Kawalerowicz. (Lucyna Winnicka, Mieczyslaw Voit, Anna Ciepielewska, Maria Chwalibog.)

Village Of Daughters. Director George Pollock. (Eric Sykes, Scilla Gabel, Gregoire Aslan, John Le Mesurier.)

Open the window, somebody

THE EARLY 1930S HAD THEIR SEX SYMBOLS, OF COURSE—MISS MARLENE Dietrich was one, Miss Jean Harlow another, and, let's face it, Miss Mae West—but Mr. Edward Dmytryk obviously feels the type would not quicken the blood of the youthful male of today. At least I imagine this is why, in endeavouring to provide as much titillation as possible in **Walk On The Wild Side**, he has allowed Miss Jane Fonda to play a seductress of 30 years ago as if she had just graduated with honours from the Bardot school for under-clad, oversexed sluts—an academy founded well within teenage memory. Miss Fonda, the 23-year-old daughter of Mr. Henry Fonda, abandons herself with tremendous gusto to the role of a totally immoral juvenile man-eater and gives a performance that even Mlle. Brigitte B. herself, at her least inhibited, could not have bettered. It entirely destroys the period atmosphere of the film—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 699



Piped water, piped gas, now piped girl, this one being Jane Fonda, daughter of Henry Fonda, in Walk On The Wild Side, a film that sets out to explore basic toughness in the New Orleans of the 1930s

Honeymoon happily!

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A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

by J. Roger Baker



ERICH AUERBACH

Joan Sutherland rehearses the title role in Handel's *Alcina*

BY THE TIME THIS APPEARS, JOAN SUTHERLAND WILL HAVE CEASED casting spells as the enchantress in Handel's *Alcina* at the Royal Opera House. But this was a notable production, and one that raises some pertinent questions. *Alcina* was written in 1735 and was one of Handel's most popular pieces. Dramatically it is the sort of work that inspired Dr. Johnson's definition of opera as an "exotic and irrational entertainment," and with the *castrato* role of the hero sung by a woman, confusion is worse confounded. Musically it is a series of *da capo* arias expressing various sentiments and linked by recitative. In the Covent Garden production, Franco Zeffirelli has not tried to infuse dramatic life into the work, but has presented it as though it were an entertainment given by some patron of the arts in his palace. The stage is set as a splendid hall, the chorus acts as audience, sitting about, chatting, consulting their programmes and occasionally encouraging a soloist before his aria. Dressed in the sumptuous and accurately observed costumes one expects from Zeffirelli, *Alcina* emerges as an enthralling reconstruction of baroque opera as it was played in the 18th century. It is not opera as we understand it today, and in spite of glorious singing from Miss Sutherland and above-average support from Margreta Elkins and Monica Sinclair, there were *longueurs* and the feeling of costumed oratorio was never far away.

It is at this point that one wonders whether it was worth it. A lot of time, talent, money and energy have been expended on the production (which, I must add, has already been seen in Venice and Dallas). These forces would surely have been better employed in producing a work which would be a valuable addition to the permanent repertory at Covent Garden—I suggest Puccini's *Girl Of The Golden West*, or *Faust* as examples. The recent revival of Verdi's *Un Ballo In Maschera* adds a second thought. This was magnificently sung by Amy Shuard, Jon Vickers and Ettore Bastianini, but the effect was diminished by scrappy décor and almost non-existent production. Redecorating this riveting opera would have been more profitable.

Of course, *Alcina* is exactly the type of production one expects to see at one of the world's major opera houses; and moreover, it is quite correct that London should see Miss Sutherland in her second most famous role (she originally sang it with the Handel Opera Society in 1957). But meanwhile the basic works in the repertory struggle along with old sets and in merely routine productions. This does seem like neglecting the bread & butter in order to create a wedding cake.

VERDICTS *continued*

the whole conception of the character, the clothes she wears and the name she bears (Kitty Twist) are pure 1962—but one thing's certain: it will keep the boys happy.

Mr. Laurence Harvey, an impoverished Texan farmer, picks up Miss Fonda on his way to New Orleans, where he hopes to find Capucine, the beautiful girl he loved but lost touch with some years ago. Miss Fonda makes an enthusiastic pass at him and is spurned: Mr. Harvey is "saving himself" for Capucine. It is a bit of a blow for him to discover that she has been decidedly less puritanical. Having failed as a sculptress, Capucine is now working as a prostitute in a New Orleans brothel called the Doll House (where Miss Fonda, too, eventually finds herself a billet). The establishment is full of charm. It is run by a Lesbian (Miss Barbara Stanwyck) who is crazy about Capucine. The barman wields a two-foot ebony truncheon, the major-domo keeps the tarts in order with a length of rubber hose, and Miss Stanwyck's legless and unwanted husband scuttles about the floor like an evil insect, and pines to hit somebody with the metal skates he wears on his hands as a means of propulsion.

You can foresee the viciousness with which Mr. Harvey's efforts to rescue Capucine from this environment will be opposed—and I even guessed the dear girl would have to be bumped off to bring the rather nasty film to an end. She is a ravishingly lovely creature but I was glad to see her go since this meant we could escape from the stale sex-impregnated air of the New Orleans red light district into the bracing moral climate of Shaftesbury Avenue.

There is, I suppose, no reason why Mr. Leo (*Going My Way*) McCarey should not transplant his favourite character-combination of "the young priest" and "the old priest" to an Eastern setting, though it is becoming rather a bore by now—but there are a number of reasons why he should not have made *The Devil Never Sleeps*, a piece of pernicious bunkum based on a novel by Mrs. Pearl Buck. The central theme is the clash between Christianity (represented by two Roman Catholic priests, Messrs. William Holden and Clifton Webb) and Communism in a Chinese village—the sickeningly arch sub-plot concerns the infatuation of an unfortunate Chinese girl (Miss France Nuyen) with the younger priest.

Mr. McCarey's conception of the Communists as brutal, stupid thugs, easily outwitted by their adversaries, is so childish as to be laughable: it is the behaviour of his so-called Christians that gives offence. Mr. Holden, incapable of coping maturely with the clinging girl, allows Miss Nuyen to install herself as housekeeper in the villa he shares with Mr. Webb—thus giving her the chance to pop into his bedroom at night to ask, suggestively, if she can do anything for him. Mr. Webb, surprising them together, incredibly tells Mr. Holden: "You have added a new dimension to the priesthood." Mr. Webb is altogether dislikeable. When Miss Nuyen confides in him that she is pregnant, he instantly assumes his fellow-priest is responsible (the girl, in fact, was raped by a Communist colonel)—and his Christian comment on hearing that a Communist's wounds have turned septic is an unctuous "Good!" One feels he thoroughly approves the action of a Chinese instant convert who, with a glad cry of "This is the first thing I do as a Christian!", shoots three Communists stone dead. It is a really deplorable film that I can recommend to positively nobody.

The Polish film, *The Devil & The Nun*, tells a strange and enthralling 17th-century story of nuns possessed of devils, and an intense, ascetic priest (Mr. Mieczyslaw Voit) who believes he can draw all the evil out of the convent and take it upon himself by killing two innocent people. I could not, I confess, follow his reasoning—I am not versed in the transference of sin or the rites of exorcism—but I was deeply impressed by the film. It is superbly directed, by Mr. Jerzy Kawalerowicz, and beautifully acted: from the doom-laden gipsy girl and the earthy peasants at the gloomy tavern to the haunted priest and the weird, white-habited sisters in the bleak convent, every character is completely real, and the mysterious nature of the happenings in which they are caught up is strikingly conveyed in the magnificent photography.

Mr. Eric Sykes is, I gather, well-known on television but he's entirely new to me. In *Village Of Daughters* he plays a flashy English commercial

traveller who, when stranded in a small Italian village, is called upon by the local inhabitants to select from the marriageable young beauties in which the place abounds a suitable bride for a rich Italian now resident in London. Mr. Sykes tackles the task toothily and doubtless does everything his TV fans expect—stubbing his toe (ouch!), banging his head (ow!) and so on. Perhaps it was a mite unfair to him as a comedian (I take it he is one?) to make him compete with fruity M. Gregoire Aslan (the mayor) and deliciously dry Mr. John Le Mesurier (the priest)—such old and expert hands at comedy. It seemed to me they had Mr. Sykes licked from the word "go."

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

A Pride Of Terrys, by Marguerite Steen. (Longmans, 35s.)

Lion In A Den Of Daniels, by Caroline Wedgwood Benn. (Heinemann, 16s.)

The Plague & The Fire, by James Leasor. (Allen & Unwin, 25s.)

New Penguins.

A year's supply of Terrys

I AM NEVER GOING TO UNDERSTAND WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE endlessly fascinated by what makes actors tick so vibrantly; whether they live in palaces or sleeping-bags; how they struggled upwards through the tears and laughter of Show Biz, from a walk-on part with a tray to a Hamlet which caused near-fainting empresses to throw diamond cuff links in bunches of violets until the stage was littered with tiny Fabergé trinkets. Above all, it is hard to summon up too much interest in the Great Actor's great loves; their duration, intensity and possible offspring; the obvious truth being that in many ways actors are precisely the same as people-type people and entirely unlike Agamemnon, Oedipus and Lady Macbeth. All the same, one must make an exception for Ellen Terry, who, besides being beautiful and magnetic and all the other actressy things, was also a woman of wit, character and considerable warmth. Her strength is that she has preserved an independent life of her own in our eyes through all those slapdash, chatty, enchanting letters, and we are therefore not left to rely entirely on accounts—to me usually meaningless—of the radiance of her performances, and the photographs of her snubby, blurred and endearing beauty.

This is simply to say that for me the point of Marguerite Steen's *A Pride Of Terrys* is the account it gives of Ellen, the way it emphasizes—without losing a drop of adulation—the tough, really rather formidable and astonishingly resilient side of her nature, and the information it gives about those two remarkable children who managed to make a shape in the air themselves in spite of the problems of having a dominating mother adored by all—Edward Gordon Craig and Edith Craig.

The book is long, digressive and, for my chilly taste, terrifically over-excited. Miss Steen, who has a low boiling-point, is constantly on the bubble, in capitals, about the Actor, the Theatre, the Profession and the True Terrys, and her pulsating style belongs to the Radiant Wayward Child school. However, the fact that I prefer my actors straight off the ice, and preferably in the form of captions to photographs, isn't going to deter an army of keen readers, who will anyway come up with genuine rewards among the glamour and colour of it all. The power and the real mystery in the book lie, I think, in the figure of Gordon Craig, visionary, quirky, single-purposed, aged as Merlin and tough as old boots. There are lots of good photographs, including an unnerving one of the two Craigs and James Carew at Ellen Terry's funeral. Enough, now, of *Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore* for a while; the Terrys are going to last me through this year.

The girl in fiction I always plan to resist most easily, and often buy without putting up even a token fight, is the young, scrubbed, extroverted, insanely keen American in search of Europe. Young keen American girls produce novels about this kind of young keen American girl with terrifying fluency and skill, often without previous experience of any kind of writing whatsoever. I am awed, and salute their well-deserved success. Latest in the field is Caroline Wedgwood Benn, whose

first novel is **Lion In A Den Of Daniels**, a clumsy, too hard-working title for a book I am otherwise mad about. The heroine sails for England armed with books on economics, Kleenex, and (a daring twist, this) a tremendously quiet American called Hank who is also her husband ("Once I dropped a brass statuette of Lincoln on his toe. Hank always kept Lincoln close.") By the end of the voyage she has joined "the Anglophiles, that happy band of Americans who always slit their tea bags open in contempt and throw away the bag before they make their iced tea." She wants to learn quickly, to participate fully, in fact to be more with it than anyone alive. The action is wild and extremely funny, Mrs. Wedgwood Benn is tenderly unkind to analysis-drunk Americans as well as to the perfidious and sex-obsessed British, and the real joy of the book is its quick, crooked style, undressed-up, cool, and funny without apparently even trying.

Briefly . . . The Plague & The Fire, by James Leasor, is a fascinating account of a time of incomprehensible horror, when the sick in their misery and insanity tried to infect the healthy, only criminals were left to bury the dead, animals rotted in the streets and fruit and flowers ran wild and rich through the long hot summer. Much of it is frighteningly like the climate of those laughing stories about machine-guns in fall-out shelters, and anyway "Ring a ring o' roses" was the first really sick joke . . . and new Penguins include a selection by James Reeves from Eddie Marsh's now historic volumes of anthology called **Georgian Poetry** (3s. 6d.); a batch of scratchy, dour, honourable and by now practically holy Orwells—**Keep The Aspidistra Flying** (3s. 6d.), **Homage To Catalonia** (3s.), **The Road To Wigan Pier** (3s.) and **Coming Up For Air** (3s. 6d.); and a handbook for shoppers called **Your Money's Worth** (7s. 6d.) by Elizabeth Gundry, the editor of *Shopper's Guide*; and what with advertisement men and the cross-my-heart disinterested people running the consumer guides, the moment may yet come when I am too deeply alarmed and hedged around to buy even a sixpenny pack of chocolate and no doubt a jolly good thing too. All those who are not made to feel somehow guilty, even terrified, by pictures of disintegrated fur-fabric collars, line drawings of different types of light bulb, and sections of dual-type immersion-heaters, which maybe means everyone except me, will find this excellent book stimulating, rewarding and required limbering up before any heavy bout of spending.

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

Great Instrumental Hits, by Jonah Jones.
Double Exposure, by Jonah Jones & Jack Teagarden.
George Wein & The Storyville Sextet.
Nicholas In Chicago, by Albert Nicholas.
High In A Basement, by Bernard Addison.

Six appeal

FEW PEOPLE HAVE DONE MORE TO MAKE INSTRUMENTAL JAZZ ACCEPTABLE to the man in the street than Jonah Jones, the trumpeter who has led his own quartet in New York's popular Embers night club on and off for the past five years. This is no easy task, since New Yorkers will not tolerate too much noise whilst they sip their martinis and "rock"-soaked whiskies. I recall that he first worked with the big bands of the 30s, Lunceford, Fletcher Henderson and Calloway among others. Perhaps the distinctive feature of his playing that enabled him to attract a fringe audience was his decisive style with the muted horn. This trade mark can be heard in his Capitol album **Great Instrumental Hits** (T1557), which is sadly spoilt by the addition of a very unswinging choir. Away from his quartet he can sound much more exciting, as he proves in a recently issued sextet session (EMB3340), which was recorded in 1954. His individual style is ideally matched by Vic Dickenson and Ed Hall, with Kenny Kersey's rarely heard piano whipping up a storm in the background. The backing of the Ember album features Jack Teagarden.

People who enjoy music by such loosely knit front lines as the Jones sextet will most likely derive even more pleasure from George Wein's presentation of his Storyville Sextet. George is better known for his

impresario activities, e.g. Newport Festival, but in this setting he took the piano chair, playing some lively two-fisted jazz. The legendary Pee Wee Russell, one of my all-time favourite clarinetists, has a roving commission that no one will begrudge him, to the point where one can hear the other men in the group crying out in sheer delight behind his whimsical solos. Two Ellingtonians fill the front line—Harold "Shorty" Baker, whose trumpet has, in many people's opinion, been lost as a solo horn in Duke's big band—and Tyree Glenn, a powerful shouting trombonist of the highest calibre.

Whereas both the Jones and Wein groups under review play mainstream, the Albert Nicholas Stompers contrast sharply with their strictly authentic Dixieland style. Most of the finest jazz of the Golden Era—1925-30—was recorded in Chicago, and it is **Nicholas In Chicago** (32-150) which makes such an appropriate title for Esquire's album. Art Hodes, veteran Chicagoan pianist and my one-time guide, mentor and jazz tutor in New York, demonstrates the full meaning and strength of a two-handed roll on this often abused instrument, and reminds us of the days when the piano player belonged to the rhythm section! Nap Trottier with his trumpet chases Nicholas's clarinet up and down the scales, with another Chicago veteran, Floyd O'Brien, weaving his trombone through their net.

High In A Basement (77LA 12/8) may sound a contradiction in terms, but this is the result of an Englishman's excursion to New York, bent on recording his favourite musicians. Altoist Pete Brown and trumpeter Johnny Letman fight a keen duel in music as part of the Bernard Addison all stars, Bernard being an outstanding guitarist of the 30s. The style veers back to an advanced mainstream, suffering slightly from the basement acoustics, but the attempt was well worth while.

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

Philip Sutton. Roland, Browse & Delbanco.
Elsa Vaudrey. Redfern Gallery.

The compulsive Mr. Sutton

I FIRST CAME UNDER THE SPELL OF PHILIP SUTTON'S WORK ABOUT four months ago and when reviewing the recent John Moores' Liverpool Exhibition actually I suggested that the judges should have given him the first prize instead of Henry Mundy. Of course I had seen many of his things before—that *Tree* made up of little squares of colour like a *pointilliste* painting, now in the Tate Gallery, for instance—and they had aroused nothing more than interest. But after seeing his great *Nude* sprawling Matisse-tically over the canvas at Liverpool I made a point of visiting the artist in his studio, on the top floor of a terraced house in Battersea, and found myself in a wonderland in which Matisse and Renoir seemed to be collaborating in the production of a number of "figures in interiors." Indeed it looked a bit like mass-production, for Sutton invariably works on a dozen or more canvases at once, seldom spending more than an hour at a time on each.

He has been called, even by admirers, a hit-or-miss painter. In fact he is the archetype of the compulsive painter, a man who is truly happy only in the act of painting. He works according to no theory but as the spirit moves him, and it moves him continuously. Of course there are failures, but in my opinion only one has found its way into the show that opens at R.B. & D.'s tomorrow and which is, for the most part, the quintessence of the work in his present style. To say he is painting like Matisse-cum-Renoir may seem a left-handed compliment. But there is no doubt that it was this arresting superficial quality of his work—the delicate yet sensuous Renoir-like brushwork combined with a strong Matisse-like sense of colour design—that first attracted me.

What has since convinced me that I was not being beguiled by my affection for those two masters is the discovery that, while frankly deriving from them, Sutton has brought to his work a highly personal quality, an extra dimension. This, regretfully because the word has become so hackneyed, I must call a "psychological" dimension.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 703

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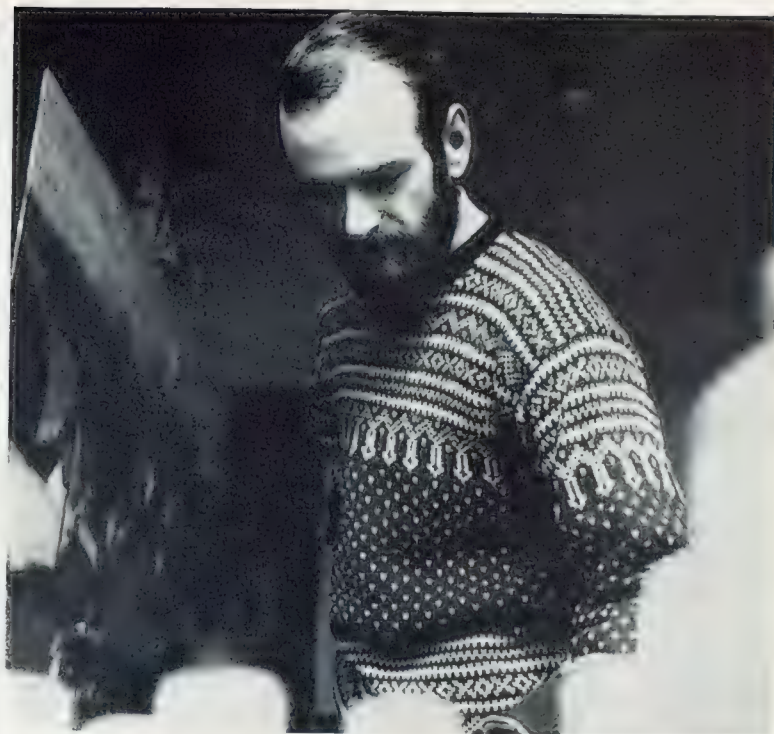
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VERDICTS *continued*

I am convinced that it enters into his paintings involuntarily. His sitters and models are invariably women (including his wife) and children (his own), and many an attractive young woman must have been dismayed to find that after sitting for many hours her face has been interpreted as three subtle smudges, two for the eyes and one for the mouth. But if, instead of going off in a huff, she has looked again and again at her "portrait" she will probably have discerned that her personality (at least as the artist felt it) has spread all over the canvas and is expressed no less by the placing of background colours and metamorphosed studio props than by a missing nose or a slipping eye. At a time when it is unfashionable to be a figurative painter, Philip Sutton is painting figurative pictures that I believe will outlast 99 per cent of the great mass of abstract painting being done in this country today.

Whether they will outlast that of Elsa Vaudrey, whose show is next door, at the Redfern, it might be ungallant, certainly it would be difficult, to predict here. For Miss Vaudrey is an original artist of considerable talent who has moved critic Eric Newton to write that "she has learned the meaning of wonderment and has managed somehow to achieve a translation of vague wonder into paint that is anything but vague in its form or hesitant in its colour." There is something of the visionary about many of her paintings but she gives them all mundane titles, probably as a sop to those who are not "with" abstraction. However that may be, I found that the images conjured up for me were usually remote from those suggested by the titles. *Meeting place* 1960 and *Sea change* 1960, for instance, both suggested crucifixions, but *East* 1961 suggested regattas and fireworks.

Perhaps, after all, the practice of giving abstract paintings numbers only is to be preferred.



SANDRA LOUSADA

Painter with a taste for the sea, Keith Grant opens his second one-man show at the New Art Centre next week. He lives at Gravesend on a 50-foot motor fishing-boat in which he has sailed 1,600 miles from the Norwegian Arctic across the North Sea. While still at the Royal College, he did two murals on commission, and has shown in five group shows. He has been dubbed the most interesting figurative painter under 35 in the country

DINING IN

Helen Burke

NOW DAYS WE HEAR A LOT ABOUT THE LACK OF FLAVOUR IN CERTAIN food. Broiler chickens are an instance. Most people can afford to have a chicken at least once a week, if they want to, because the birds are mass-produced and have cost the minimum in food in their short lives. But people complain that they are flavourless—because they are battery-reared, because their food was not good enough, because they cannot come up to the standard of free-ranging chickens, and so on. Every kind of reason is produced and I suspect that most of them are wrong. Young chickens of nine to ten weeks in age are called broilers because they have such soft and tender flesh that they can be grilled. (Grilling, in this country, is broiling in America whence this unfortunate term came.)

Recently I wanted a young boiling bird to braise. I was offered a broiler and it was some time before the poulterer—an experienced man at that—was convinced that what I wanted was a mature bird, but not of too great an age. It came out that he did not have a boiling fowl in stock. There is certainly a great difference between the flavour of a broiler and a boiler, or full-grown young bird. It is the same with young animals. Veal, if allowed to grow into beef, becomes a very full-flavoured meat, but veal itself is rather lacking in flavour, even the expensive, specially reared and fed calves from the Continent.

To get back to battery broilers, however. There are none. The birds are reared in deep litter houses with plenty of room to scratch in. They are not battery birds. The producers could not afford to rear them that way at the price for which they are now obtainable.

What can we do about these birds? We can flavour them, of course. We can salt them inside and out, put a sprig of rosemary or tarragon (fresh for preference) inside them and roast or spit-roast them for the minimum of time. With chickens costing 7s. 9d. each, you can afford to buy two of them for four people, producing two different meals as well as stock for soup. First, the suprêmes. These, for the benefit of young cooks, are the breasts. After the birds have been skinned, make a cut around the wing bones nearest the breast. Work the meat back on to the scraped bones and chop the bones through about 1½ inches from the

This thing about broilers

wing joint. The legs and wings are stored in the refrigerator ready for another dish. With the carcasses and giblets, except the livers, one has the makings of the most delicious chicken giblet soup, especially if one can buy a shilling's worth of extra giblets. Include the livers in little dumplings to be served with the soup.

But the suprêmes? With fresh asparagus coming in now and then or canned asparagus tips as a garnish, I suggest SUPRÊMES DE VOLAILLE PRINCESSE. They are so quickly prepared that everything else should be got ready before starting to sauté them. Season the suprêmes with salt then pass them through flour. A good way is to place a tablespoon of plain flour in a paper bag, drop the suprêmes into it and shake them about to coat them well. Shake off excess flour. Have ready 2 to 3 oz. of clarified butter, or butter and a tablespoon of olive oil. Lower the suprêmes into the hot fat and gently cook them to a pale gold. Meanwhile, cook the asparagus or open the can of asparagus tips and heat them in their own liquid. Drain well, then turn them into the fat in the same pan if it has not become too dark. If so, melt more butter and turn the tips in it. Serve the suprêmes with 6 to 7 small asparagus tips on the top of each.

Next to the asparagus, almost the best vegetable to go with this dish is courgettes. Allow one small peeled one per person. Drop them into salted boiling water and cook until a slender skewer penetrates them easily. Drain them. Drop them into cold water. Drain and dry them again, then gently heat in butter without colouring them.

The chicken legs and wings? Here is a Chinese way with them. Chop them across the bones in 1½-inch lengths. Sprinkle a scant dessertspoon of sherry over them and move them about so that they are all coated with it. Bring to the boil ½ pint water and a dessertspoon of soy sauce. Drop the chicken pieces into them, reduce the heat, cover and simmer for about ¾ hour. Add 3 oz. thickly sliced mushrooms, a rounded teaspoon of sugar and an almond-sized piece of dried root ginger. Cover again and cook very gently for another ½ hour or until the chicken is tender. (If a boiler is used, it will require at least 2½ hours' gentle cooking.) Serve with dry boiled rice.



Since the liquidizer almost any mixture is possible in the fruit and vegetable line. Which means that there are lots of liquid assets available for anyone interested in promoting goodlooking skin, eyes full of sparkle, and shining, healthy hair. Remember that nightly rituals with the right kind of cream won't cancel out the wrong sort of diet—but odd lazy weekends or days on the fruit and vegetable drink routine will help to put a shine on. Sip a squashed-before-your-very-eyes fruit drink in Fortnum's Fountain where orange, lemon and grapefruit are deliciously undiluted. Their frappés, taboo for dieters, but irresistible anyway consist of icecream whipped up with milk and fruit juice. Citrons (lemon juice, cane sugar) supply quick energy, improve skin. Wander through Fortnum & Mason's grocery department where the following vitaminy drinks are canned: mixed vegetable, liquid apple, peach and apricot nectar (all by S. & W.); passionfruit juice by Typhoo; pear nectar by Sun Pearl, V8 vegetable juice. Blend together delicious combinations in a liquidizer: raspberry and red-currant, melon and lychees, or plain peach. Not quite a drink, but certainly liquid, are mixtures of fruit and yoghourt—Eden Vale and Express Dairies make good ones and the Continental type of Harrods come in extra delicious flavours—the apricot is very good indeed. Try banana mixed with yoghourt, sprinkled with wheat germ, raspberries in matching yoghourt, blackberries in plain. Harrods Health Juice Bar specializes in health drinks: green fruit drinks, spinach & carrot, watercress & carrot, lettuce & celery, carrot & lemon, watercress & tomato. Milk mixes, like blackcurrant & milk, blackberry & milk, spinach & milk, are perfect companions

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MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Thoughts from Geneva



Testing on the Avon skid pan. Surface consists of rounded pebbles embedded in tar, lubricated with water

THE GENEVA MOTOR SHOW HAS PROVED A LITTLE DISAPPOINTING THIS year because most of the new cars one might have expected to see were absent. Almost the sole exceptions were the restyled Renault Floride, with new 950 c.c. engine and disc brakes, including a coupé model to be known as the Caravelle, and the coupé and convertible versions of the 3-litre Mercedes-Benz. All are interesting as indicating the latest European trends in body styling.

When Britain enters the Common Market, prices of cars made in Continental factories will gradually approximate to those of comparable models over here. Mr. W. J. Argent, who heads the British end of the Mercedes-Benz organization, points out that the levelling-out process will not come overnight. Reductions in import duty will spread over several years and no real lowering in the prices of foreign cars may be noticeable over here before 1965.

My run through France to Switzerland en route to Geneva showed up the impeccable manners of the Rolls-Royce which Mr. Jack Barclay lent me for the trip. It behaved under all conditions of road and weather just exactly as one would expect an R-R to conduct itself; murmuring contentedly as the speedometer needle climbed above the 100 m.p.h. mark on the broad *routes nationales*, or whispering its way through the narrow streets of busy towns at walking pace. On the Col de la Faucille, which climbs from Geneva to the Franco-Swiss frontier, its self-changing transmission always had the right gear ready and waiting for whatever hazard might present itself.

One item of equipment which a Rolls-Royce owner ought to treat himself to is the really personalized holder of the keys for his car which Kutchinsky (of 69 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3) is offering. The set is made to order, with the registration number of the car worked in 9 carat gold. The car keys themselves are dipped in gold to match. The price: £13 10s. Also available is a special umbrella that can be collapsed into a length of 17 inches and housed conveniently on a parcel

ledge or in a door pocket. This comes from the Growy Company, of 1 Old Street, London, E.C.1, and costs anything from 63s. 9d. to 101s., depending on quality and whether for women or men.

Skidding is a menace that every motorist fears—not only from the point of view of his own driving but for the risk of being hit by some other vehicle out of control. Good tyres, in good condition, play a big part in the prevention of skids and the latest types of synthetic rubber have a far greater “clinging” property than the natural rubber from which tyres have so long been made. Recently I visited the factory at Melksham in Wiltshire where the Avon Company make the new H.M. Safety tyre. Here there is a circuit, consisting of two segments of slippery surface joined by stretches of macadam. Tyres behave in vastly differing style as they encounter the wet and treacherous segments. When ordinary tyres are fitted the car is apt to skate wildly, but with the H.M. Safety there is little tendency to skid. These new-type tyres cost no more than the old pattern and I imagine that most motorists when buying replacements will want to know more about the effects of cling rubber as a skid preventive. Avons will send them a fully reasoned explanation.

Now is the season when secondhand cars fetch the best prices. The other day I visited one of the sales held by Southern Counties Car Auctions Ltd. at a number of places up and down the country. This one took place at Alexandra Palace in North London, and was well attended in spite of sub-zero weather. The prices realized made me appreciate how much good condition and low mileage affect the bidding. Those cars which were obviously well kept and carefully used made quite surprisingly high figures. Recently Mr. David Wickins, who with his brother John is the driving force behind this growing business, has taken over the important Measham Sales Organization. Mr. Wickins forecasts a strong recovery in new car sales this year, with a correspondingly large increase in those seeking good used cars.



Luxurious 9-carat gold key ring by Kutchinsky. Made to order with individual owner's number. £13 10s.

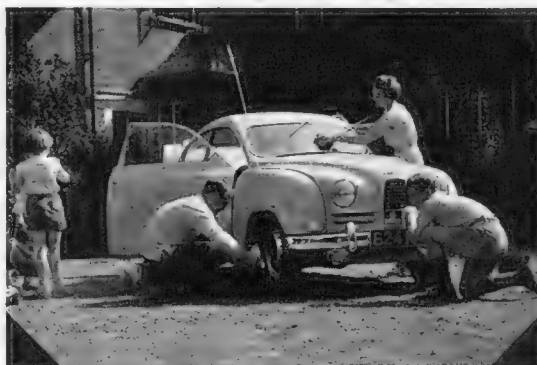
"How's this for versatility?"

Just look how my SAAB gets around!



Saturday Aug 5

Here it is during a rally. That's George and his son doing a spot of map-reading. You'd never think George had a sports car of his own. He never uses it. He'd sooner borrow my SAAB. He reckons it's easily the best rally car he has ever driven. So fast and rugged. He isn't surprised Eric Carlsson is so successful in all those international rallies.



Sunday morning

And there we are restoring the SAAB from its rally trim, ready for a trip to the sea. It really is a dream of a car for pleasure motoring, you know. Pots of room in the boot. Gloriously roomy and restful seats. And an air-conditioning system that keeps the temperature just right whatever the weather.



Monday morning

George was even later than usual for his train this morning, and we just made it. Luckily, you can drive a SAAB flat out right from cold.



September 12

Here's George and the SAAB coming in for a class win at a sprint meeting. He actually made faster time than the winners of the two classes above him. He modestly said it was because of SAAB's remarkable acceleration and road-holding. But he was unspeakably smug all evening—which I thought was pretty unreasonable. After all, he never won anything until he gave me the SAAB.



October 19

And how's this for an action shot? George and the SAAB in a saloon car trial. I really didn't want him to enter. All that rough ground. I had visions of my SAAB coming home a complete wreck. Still, as he pointed out, it's tremendously strongly built and it has exceptional road-clearance. Sure enough, he got through with no damage. And he won his class again! Much more of this and I shall have to make him buy another SAAB—for me to use.

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Anna Rachel, 2, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. Greenwood, of Oxshott, Surrey



Susannah Jane, 2, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. Burls, of Great Hallingbury, Bishop's Stortford, Herts

ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

Pruning basics

EVERYONE GROWING ROSES HAS BEEN A NOVICE AT SOME TIME AND often at this stage one is a trifle in the dark about pruning. It is my hope that this and the following article will be useful to readers new to rose growing who need some guidance as to the whys and wherefores of what appears to be a depressingly complicated affair; so difficult, in fact, that the more one studies it in gardening books, the more one becomes afraid to do anything. In the first place, then, why prune roses at all? The answer is threefold: to get fine quality blooms; to obtain as much new, healthy wood as possible year by year; and last but not least, to keep the bushes shapely. It is a fact that wild roses grow unpruned and still blossom delightfully in the wayside hedge. But the conditions governing wild and garden roses are entirely different. Besides, even the dog rose gets a certain amount of accidental pruning in the chances of life. An inspection of a neglected rose garden is sufficiently convincing; only a season or two at the most is required to produce great unsightly bushes (the result of an absence of pruning) and underneath the newer shoots, the older wood becomes progressively more hoary and entangled. In the process, the blooms become small and insignificant. So pruning is essential for all roses in various degrees.

What makes pruning seem so complicated is the fact that various kinds of roses require—for finest results—specific treatment, i.e. Moss Roses, Hybrid Teas, Hybrid Perpetuals and so on, this again being complicated by other categories, climbers, ramblers and whatnot. But I am not writing for the expert, who, having roses of varying types and habits, is prepared to work to a more or less elaborate system, but for

readers growing mainly bedding roses and for the first time. The chances are that these bedding or bush roses will all be modern Hybrid Teas and for these kinds pruning is more or less identical: the rule can safely be to prune fairly hard, to so many "eyes" or buds from the base. The eyes are the points which will produce flowering shoots; hence we prune to an outward growing one, as the shoot will lead off in that direction. If the cut is to an inward eye, overcrowding and interlacing will result.

Very strong growers are, however, to be more lightly treated. To give examples: *Peace* is a strong grower and could be safely pruned to the fifth or sixth eye of each shoot, and the old *Betty Uprichard*, a moderate grower, to four eyes, that is, buds, *counting from the base or beginning of the branch*, and in counting you include those buds that are shooting (usually at the end of branches) as well as those still dormant. Dormant buds or eyes are sometimes hard to see, but they can be felt with the finger tips. But, as I say, it is a safe general rule to prune all your Hybrid Teas fairly hard, *bearing in mind that all bedding roses must be pruned hard the first spring after planting.* If your new roses were planted last autumn or during the past winter, you will now be ready to prune them for the first time and they are all (bushes and standards) on this occasion pruned hard, with the exception of climbing "sports." You must make no bones about it; no matter how good the new growth looks, it has to come off. Cut the growth down to within three or at the most four buds of the base. The purpose of this severe cutting back is to ensure the development of a sturdy bush or standard. Climbing sports should be left alone, apart from cutting out weak shoots.

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about

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Macnab—de Vivenot: Frances, daughter of Mr. J. B. Macnab, of Lowestoft, Suffolk, and the late Mrs. Macnab, was married to Captain Francis de Vivenot, son of Baron de Vivenot, of Johannesburg, and Hermine Baroness de Vivenot of Copinghall, Uckfield, Sussex, at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Chelsea



Musson—Dudgeon: Penelope Anne, daughter of Major-General G. R. D. & the Hon. Mrs. Musson, was married to Captain William Richard Dudgeon, the Black Watch, son of Wing Commander & Mrs. P. W. A. Dudgeon, of Moore Street, S.W.3, at St. James's, Piccadilly



Miss Caroline Elise Houghton Beckford to Mr. Nicholas Ronald Nutting: *She* is the daughter of Brigadier F. W. Houghton-Beckford and of Mrs. John Beckford, of Compton Abdale, Gloucestershire. *He* is the son of Captain & Mrs. Ronald Nutting, of North Breache Manor, Ewhurst, Surrey



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Robinson—Lodge: Peta Bertram, eldest daughter of the High Commissioner for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and Mrs. Robinson, of Rhodesia House, London, and Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, was married to John Stuart Lodge, only son of the late Mr. E. R. Lodge, and of Mrs. Lodge, of Marine Gate, Brighton, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Hare—Gowlett: Rosemarie Jean, daughter of Major N. H. Hare, of Rondebosh Cape, South Africa, and Mrs. A. W. Hare, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, was married to Captain John Gowlett, son of the late Mr. J. Gowlett and of Mrs. Gowlett, of Bishop's Stortford, at the Anglican Cathedral, Salisbury

Miss Julia Mary Wordsworth Hunter to Mr. David John Naismith: *She* is the daughter of Mrs. John H. Nevinston and step-daughter of Mr. Nevinston, of Cadogan Place, S.W.1. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. D. Naismith, of Downend Lodge, Chieveley, Berkshire



FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Captain W. D. A. Bagnell and
Miss C. M. Whittington-Moë**

The engagement is announced between William David, elder son of the late Captain R. A. Bagnell, and Mrs. Bagnell, of Longdown Chase, Hindhead, Surrey, and Caroline Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Whittington-Moë, The Hollies, St. Peter, Jersey, Channel Islands.

**Mr. C. D. Torlesse and
Miss M. Prideaux-Brune**

The engagement is announced between Charles David, son of Rear Admiral A. D. Torlesse, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Torlesse, of Trentham, Burton Joyce, Nottinghamshire, and Morwenna, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Prideaux-Brune, of Lane House, Rowner, Gosport, Hampshire.

**Mr. I. J. S. Walker
Miss H. M. Donaldson**

The engagement is announced between Ian James Sutherland, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Walker, of The Green Cottage, Haughton, near Tarpeley, Cheshire, and Heather Mhairi daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Donaldson, of Penwold, Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire.

**Mr. B. T. Gibbins and
Miss C. Windle**

The engagement is announced between Benjamin Thomas Gibbins, of Dalemoor, Ilkley, and formerly of Villa Milena, San Remo, and Carmel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Windle, of 17 Chellow Grange Road, Bradford, 7.

**Mr. J. W. A. McCarter and
Miss S. B. Hickman**

The engagement is announced between Jeremy, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. J. O. McCarter, Doddington House, Whitechurch, Shropshire, and Susan Belinda, elder daughter of Mrs. Ann Hickman, Carhampton, Minehead, and of Mr. Hickman.

**Mr. C. C. Frears and
Miss J. F. Philps**

The engagement is announced between Christopher, son of Dr. R. E. Frears, and of Mrs. Ruth Frears, of 14 Park Terrace, Nottingham, and Joanna, eldest daughter of the late Mr. A. S. Philps, F.R.C.S., and of Mrs. Joan Philps, of The Maltings, Beccles, Suffolk.

**Mr. W. G. H. Cooke
Miss C. A. Himely**

The engagement is announced between William, son of Mr. George B. Cooke, D.F.C., and Mrs. Cooke, of Gestingthorpe Hall, Essex, and Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Himely, of Holne Brake, Bovey Tracey, South Devon.

**Mr. A. Kitching and
Miss G. Guthrie**

The engagement is announced between Alan, eldest son of Mr. Noel Kitching, of the Grange, Greta Ayton, Yorkshire, and the late Mrs. Gladys Kitching, and Gillian, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Guthrie, of Kinross, Eaglescliffe, Co. Durham.

**Dr. P. J. Tallentire and
Miss W. A. T. Stevenson**

The engagement is announced between Peter John, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Tallentire, of Hatherley, Elton Road, Darlington, Co. Durham, and Wilda Ann Theodora, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Stevenson, of York House, Skelton-in-Cleveland, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire.

**Mr. E. D. B. Powell and
Miss M. G. Thomas**

The engagement is announced between David, son of the late Mr. D. H. I. Powell, and of Mrs. Powell, of 72 Eaton Crescent, Swansea, and Margaret, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne Thomas, of 43 Hove Park Way, Hove.

**Mr. R. J. Walker and
Miss J. M. Wilbond**

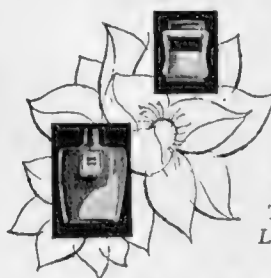
The engagement is announced between Richard Jeremy, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Walker, of St. Ann's, Moberly Road, Salisbury, and Joan Maureen, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Wilbond, of 76 Chesterfield Road, Bristol, 6.

**Lt.-Cdr. D. B. Woods, R.N., and
Miss K. J. D. Kelly**

The engagement is announced between David, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Woods, of 14 Hartley Hill, Purley, and Jane, younger daughter of Instr. Capt. and Mrs. H. Craig Kelly, of Orchard Cottage, Bathford, Bath.



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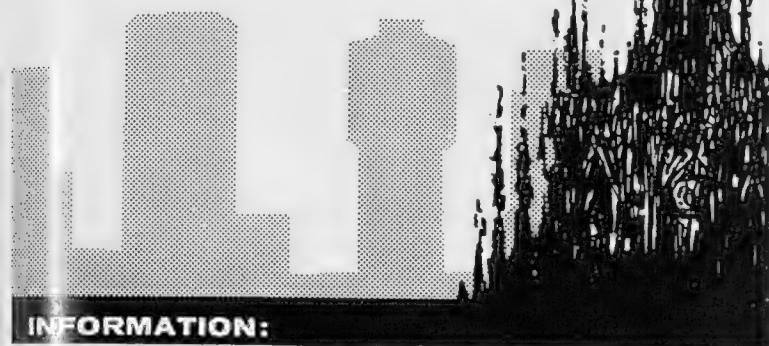
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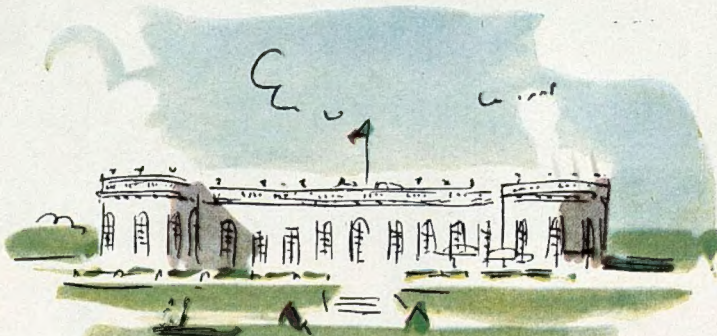
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